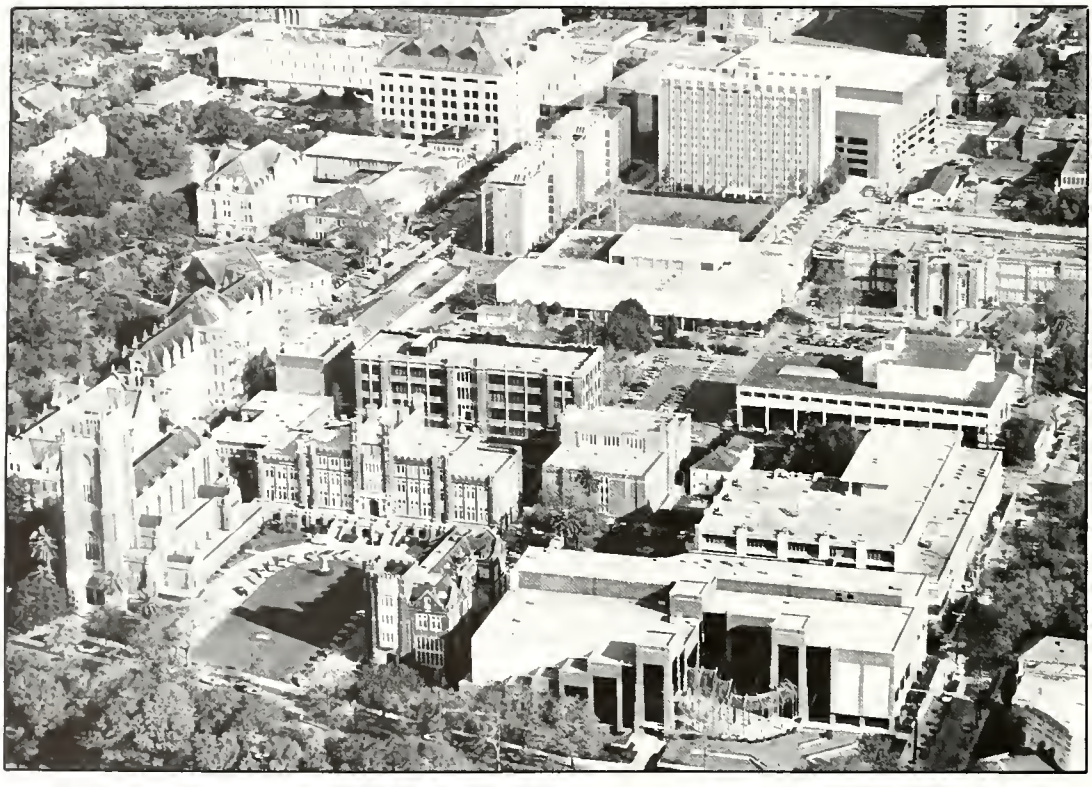
LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

THE WOLF

1988-89



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senior portraits and a look back at the past four years

THE WOLF • Volume 48 • Published annually

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Page 17:Chris Walters, p.18:A-Robert Broussard, B-John Treiber, p.19:C. Walters, p.20:Mark Conrey, p.21:A-Josephe Tison, B-C. Walters, p.22:Above L and lower L-C. Walters, Above R-R. Broussard, Lower R-M. Muckerman, p.23:J. Tison, p.24:A-C. Walters, B-J. Tison, p.25:C. Walters, p. 26:J. Tison, p.27:R. Broussard, p.28:A-C. Walters, B-J. Tison, p.29:Bert Cass, p.30:A-B. Cass, B-J. Tison, p.31:J. Tison, p.32:T. Scott.
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Pages 49-64:All photos by J. Tison.
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All original artwork (pp.10, 15, 51, 54, 57, 60, 64) drawn by John Tripp.

With this edition of *The Wolf,* we present a yearbook very different from the ones you have seen over the past few years.

You've probably first noticed the time you got the book — the end of the year instead of sometime next fall. Or winter. Or spring.

Next, you probably wondered about the length — only 96 pages, a bit shorter than previous editions. Inside, you'll see much more writing and fewer photos. In fact, the mix between the two is about 50 percent.

We have included a chronology of major events, personal reflections on the year, essays on major aspects of college living and many illustrative photos.

After studying past yearbooks, we chose to eliminate what we thought were some of the more tedious and unneeded sections.

There is no list of students, faculty or staff; there are no club photos or faculty mug shots. Also missing are graduation photos and advertisements.

Why the changes? Quite simply, *The Wolf* has not "worked" in recent years. For whatever reason, the staff as a whole has been less than committed to the project.

And so a small group of faculty members and students met early this year with two basic goals in mind: to rethink the whole concept of what a yearbook should be, and to lay the groundwork for a staff that is totally committed to the book and will produce a better edition each year.

We wanted a timely yearbook that you can enjoy this year as well as 20 years from now — the night before your class reunion as you make a mental list of things to talk about.

We hope we have succeeded; we think we have.

If there's something you like about this *Wolf*, join the staff next year and duplicate it. If there's something you don't like, join the staff next year and change it.

There are a few key faculty members who pushed us hard and pushed themselves hard to make *The Wolf* happen this year, and we thank them for it.

They are: Professor Gerrard Schuppert, the Rev. Raymond A. Schroth, S.J., Professor Leslie Parr and Dr. Kate Adams.

Thanks goes also to Tracy Smith for the use of his photos; to *The Maroon* staff for the use of its production facilities; to Bill Hopkins, our Josten's representative, for his guidance and support; and to Las Hearst, without whom this yearbook would not have been possible.

Finally, thanks to our roommates for those middle-of-the-night calls in March and April to say come home and get some sleep, and their understanding when we said no, we've got to get this yearbook out.

And thanks to our friends for dropping by at 2 a.m. on those nights to lend moral support, and then leaving so that we could get back to work.

Enjoy your yearbook.

The Editors.

A Chronology: 1988-89

• A look back at all the memorable events that have already been forgotten.

At right, students, faculty, staff and administrators gather in the horseshoe for the first Loyola Family Portrait Tuesday, April 4.

LOYOLA

august

Monday the 15th through Thursday the 18th

The Republican Party holds its national nominating convention in the Superdome delighting New Orleans' businesses and hotels. Expecting millions of dollars from conventioneers and hoping for future major conventions, the Big Easy prostitutes itself to the GOP, repainting, redecorating and redefining itself.

Tuesday the 16th

Vice President George Bush announces that Indiana Sen. Dan Quayle will be his running mate. Quayle, who served two terms in the House of Representatives, was elected to the Senate in 1980 and 1986.

Wednesday the 17th

Sen. Dan Quayle fields questions regarding his service in the National Guard during the Vietnam War. Some feel he enlisted in the guard to avoid going overseas.

In the convention itself, Vice President George Herbert Walker Bush is unanimously nominated as the Republican Party's presidential candidate.

At Loyola, the office of Residential Life transfers 16 male upperclass Biever Hall residents to Tulane University's Patterson Hall dormitory because of a campus housing shortage.

Thursday the 18th

Sen. Dan Quayle accepts his nomination for the post of Vice president as "one humble Hoosier," and defends his service in the National Guard during the Vietnam War.

Vice President Bush accepts his nomination and delivers one of the finest speeches of his career in accepting the nomination. He attacks his opponent Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis, by ridiculing his platform, adopted at the Democratic National Convention in July.

Competence, a major theme of Dukakis' campaign, "makes the trains run on time but doesn't know where they're going," Bush said.

He also promises never to raise taxes and to provide 30 million jobs in eight years, a claim from which he later backs down.

Saturday the 20th

United Nations Secretary Gen

Workers (right) unload some 600 boxes of Macintosh computers, launching a full-scale campus invasion this year.

Thousands of Republicans (left) gather at the Louisiana Superdome for the GOP national convention in mid-August.

eral Javier Perez de Cuellar posi-ions 250 members of a U.N. peacekeeping force along the ran-Iraq frontier to enforce a ease-fire in the eight-year-old war.

In Belfast, Northern Ireland, n Irish Republican Army bomb xplodes, killing eight British oldiers and injuring 28. Through August, the British uffer 26 military fatalities as ghting in the civil war inten-ifies.

Sunday the 21st

An earthquake in Nepal and ndia kills more than 800 people.

Wednesday the 24th

Undergraduate classes begin t Loyola.

Thursday the 25th

Foreign ministers of both Iran and Iraq begin peace talks in Geneva, Switzerland.

Sunday the 28th

During an air show at Ramstein Air Force Base, 60 miles southwest of Frankfurt, West Germany, three jet planes collide while sweeping low during manuevers over a crowd of about 300,000 people.

The three pilots, members of an Italian precision flying team, all die, as do 50 spectators. More than 500 suffered injuries; many are badly burned.

Wednesday the 31st

Marriott Corporation, which operates Loyola's dining services, announces it will join a nationwide grape boycott.

Marriott director Bryan Harriss says the boycott, organized to support an anti-grape movement by United Farm Workers leader Cesar Chavez, would be "difficult, because both Marriott and the university would have to reach an agreement."

Two hours later, Marriott announces it will no longer sell California table grapes.

september

Tuesday the 6th

The SGA approves a formal resolution calling for the return of Wolf Pub management to the students.

Marriott Corporation took control of the pub in early June in an effort to make it profitable.

"This is hot," SGA president Jason Caniglia said of a student

Charmaine Neville (left) entertains the crowd at a Fallfest TGIF in the residential quad.

John Treiber (right), the capped bartender, ensures a good time in the Wolf Pub. Marriott Corporation took over management of the pub — formerly run by students — this year.

petition calling for the return of the pub to the students. "This is something students definitely care about."

Wednesday the 7th

Republican presidential nominee George Bush proclaims to an American Legion audience that today is Pearl Harbor day. Later he corrects himself and gives the correct date: December 7th.

Tuesday the 13th

SGA president Jason Caniglia announces details of a phone-mail fundraising campaign to raise $15,000 for library acquisitions, financial aid and scholarships.

The SGA and other organizations plan to contact 3,500 1986-88 Loyola graduates in the campaign, scheduled to run Nov. 1-10.

Sunday the 18th

The second day of snow helps firefighters control fires which have destroyed almost four million acres of land in the western United States. Half of Yellowstone National Park's 2.2 million acres are affected, and two towns near the park, as well as the area surrounding the geyser Old Faithful, are nearly destroyed.

As a result, the U.S. government comes under attack for letting "naturally occurring" fires burn themselves out.

Monday the 19th

The Mexican government estimates damage from Hurricane Gilbert at $880 million. Gilbert, whose top wind speeds reached 179 miles per hour, ravages Jamaica and the Cayman Islands before hitting Cancun Mexico on the 14th.

Friday the 23rd

An editorial in *The Maroon*, citing no student or faculty involvement, calls for an end to *The Wolf*.

"*The Wolf* expired for a number of reasons, but one of the larger was indifference," it reads.

"There must be a better way to spend the money."

Saturday the 25th

George Bush and Michael Dukakis participate in the first of two televised debates. Bush labels Dukakis a liberal, and Dukakis says he is "mad" that Bush would question his patriotism. He counters that Bush would brand any woman seeking

The Loyola drama department presents *Talking With* (below), a play about 10 women, in the Lower Depths Theatre.

Gay M. Willis (above) wears the shirt that prevented her from voting in her precinct — even though the candidate her shirt advertised was from another district.

Construction on the streetcar line (below) causes headaches all year for those who depend on the RTA for transportation to and from school.

an abortion a criminal, and Bush insists he would not, but still thinks abortion is a crime.

According to polls the next day, Dukakis narrowly edges Bush to "win" the debate.

October

Saturday the 1st

Further consolidating his hold on the Soviet Union's power structure, Mikhail Gorbachev is named president of that country.

Gorbachev, who is attempting to reform the U.S.S.R.'s position by draining resources from the military to the economic structures of Soviet society, renews his commitment to *glasnost*, his policy of openness.

Monday the 3rd

The space shuttle *Discovery* succesfully completes the first U.S. manned mission since the explosion of the shuttle *Challenger* two years earlier.

Tuesday the 4th

According to the Rev. George F. Lundy, S.J., senior vice president, the university's vice presidents will submit reports to the Rev. James C. Carter, S.J., university president, to help determine what areas will be cut to offset a $2.2 million decline in revenue.

The cuts, to total $1 million, come as a result of a drop in advertising revenues at university-owned WWL-TV.

In a memo dated Sept. 30th, Dr. Norman Roussell, vice president for Administration, one result of the drop will be a likely double-digit percentage increase in tuition.

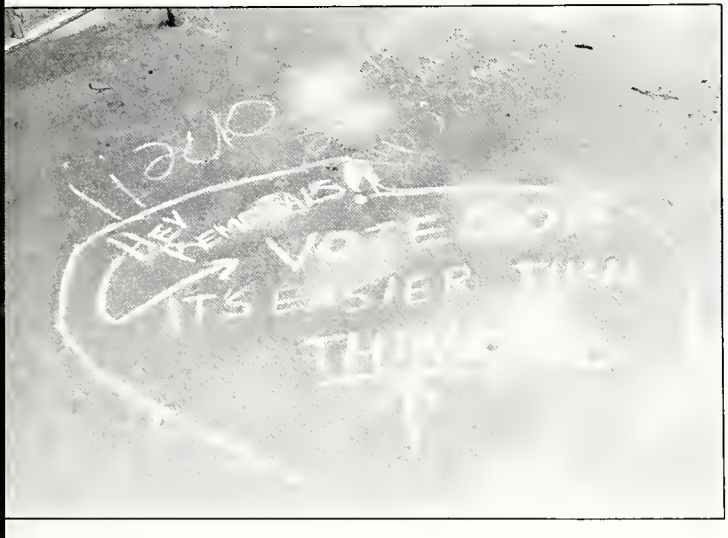
Wednesday the 5th

Indiana Sen. Dan Quayle and Texas Sen. Lloyd Bentsen, the two vice-presidential nominees, appear together in a televised debate.

Quayle attacks Bentsen's running mate, Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis, as "Tax Hike Mike of Taxachusetts."

When Quayle mentions he is the same age as John Kennedy was when he ran for president in 1960, Bentsen retorts, "I knew Jack Kennedy, and senator, you're no Jack Kennedy."

Polls the next day show Bentsen was the decisive winner.



Sidewalk sayings (left) advise students seeking direction in the Nov. 8 presidential elections.

Saturday mail delivery ends (right) as budget cutbacks eliminate student services at Loyola.

Wednesday the 12th

Edward W. Skinner, 18, a resident of Gretna, La., and a Loyola freshman, dies in a two-car collision on Interstate 10.

Witnesses and police say Skinner's car was travelling about 90 miles per hour when it hit a stalled liquor delivery truck at 6:45 p.m.

Thursday the 13th

Vice President George Bush and Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis, the two presidential nominees, appear in the second of two televised debates.

Neither candidate appears very strong, and the questions asked of them are vague and sometimes in poor taste, as when one panel member asks what the candidate would do if his wife was raped and killed.

Bush, however, avenges his earlier "defeat" by making Dukakis squirm under the label "liberal."

Friday the 21st

Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis, the Democratic nominee for president, appears to a cheering crowd of about 2,000 people at the University of New Orleans.

Dukakis, who fell far behind Vice President George Bush in national polls following the Republican Convention, attacks Bush and vigorously defends his liberalism, a term he has now accepted.

"It's going to go down to the wire and be won by a *nose* — and you know what that means," Dukakis says, displaying his sizable proboscis.

Friday the 28th

A resident entering Biever Residence Hall's kitchen discovers the body of Mark Waidner, 18, a native of Atlanta and a Loyola freshman, lying under a vending machine which was cutting off his oxygen supply.

After help arrives and lifts the machine off him, Waidner is rushed to Charity Hospital and put on a respirator, where he dies 36 hours later at 5:30 a.m. on Oct. 30.

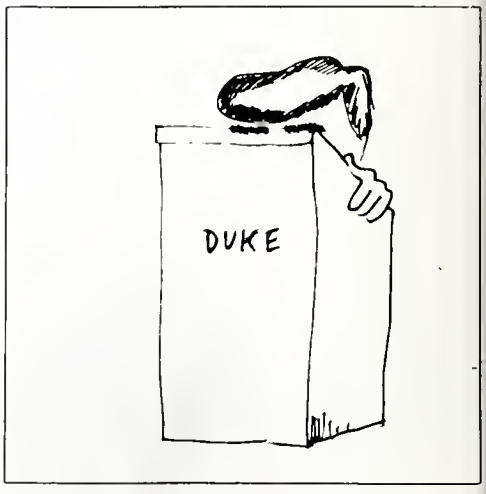
Sunday the 30th

Rochelle M. Larche, 19, a native of New Orleans and a Loyola freshman, dies after a car she is riding in jumps a curb at high speed and hits a tree.

According to a police report, the car was drag racing on Lakeshore Drive when the accident oc-

Then-Sen. Dan Quayle (below) appears on the big screen in the Louisiana Superdome during the Republican National Convention.

Gov. Michael Dukakis (below) couldn't measure up to George Bush and the Republican Party in the November elections.



urred.
Bryant C. Trahan, 19, the car's
river, is charged with negligent
omicide and reckless driving.

november

Monday the 7th

Mary Grey Hardwick, bookstore manager, explains that no one told her or her staff to keep the November issue of *Spin* magazine, which contains a free condom, off the shelves.

She says the staff used their best judgment in making the decision, using Loyola's Mission
nd Goals Statement as a guide.
"We would not carry a book
vith an actual condom in it for
he same reason that we
vouldn't carry a book on white supremacy," she says.

Tuesday the 8th

Vice President George Bush defeats Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis in the 1988 presidential election. Final returns give Bush 54 percent of the popular vote and 426 electoral votes.

Though Dukakis is soundly defeated, his showing is better than the previous two Democrats: Dukakis won 10 states; former President Jimmy Carter and former Vice President Walter Mondale won seven.

Tuesday the 15th

Mary Lee Sweat, university librarian, announces that budget cuts have resulted in an $88,000 loss in the book budget, so no new books will be purchased this academic year.

The loss is part of a university-wide cut of 12-13 percent in each academic department, which the administration had hoped would protect the budgets for the library, academic computing and faculty research development grants.

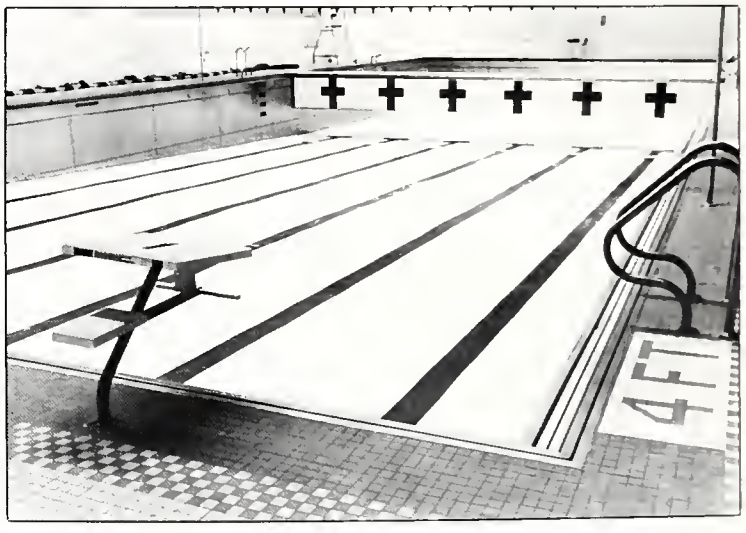
Unfortunately, all three areas still suffer losses.

The same day, SGA president Jason Caniglia announces the SGA raised $8,000 in its phone-mail fundraising campaign for the library, scholarships and financial aid.

Tuesday the 29th

SGA president Jason Caniglia announces the results of a referendum on tuition increases and the Wolf Pub management.

Students want control of the



The Recreational Sports Complex pool (right) remains empty as repairs are made by Cabildo Construction Company. The pool was closed for several weeks.

A new $1 toll on the GNO Bridge (left) causes substantial expense for students commuting from the West Bank.

pub to revert to the SGA, and they say they could live with a tuition increase of about 5 percent, Caniglia says.

december

Wednesday the 7th

Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev addresses the United Nations General Assembly and surprises all by announcing the Soviet Union will cut its total armed forces 10 percent, withdraw 50,000 troops from Eastern Europe and reduce by half the Soviet tanks in East Germany.

That same day, tragedy strikes the region of Armenia in the U.S.S.R. At 11:41 a.m., the area was hit by an earthquake registering 6.9 on the Richter scale. Estimates place the dead between 40,000 and 45,000.

Gorbachev cuts his visit to the United States short, and cancels planned trips to Cuba and Great Britain.

"I have to be there," he says as he leaves from John F. Kennedy International Airport.

Wednesday the 21st

At 7:17 p.m., Pan Am Flight 103 explodes over Lockerbie, Scotland, killing all 258 people aboard and at least 22 people on the ground.

Later investigations reveal that a plastique bomb hidden in a radio caused the explosion.

More controversial is the fact that the U.S. was notified anonymously Dec. 5 that the bombing might occur but had not made it known publicly.

january

Wednesday the 4th

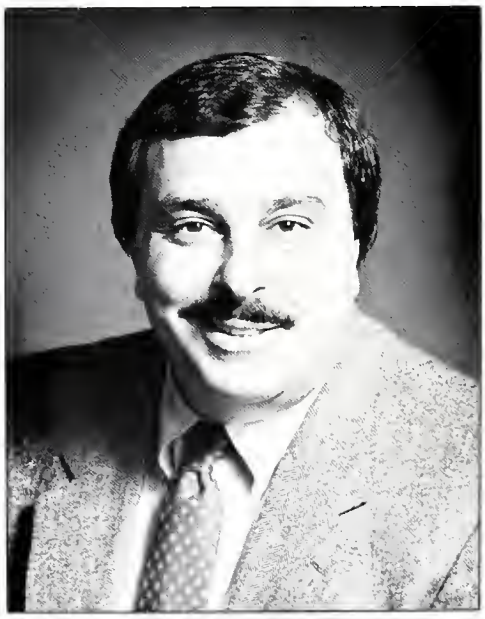
As tensions mount over the chemical weapons plant that Libyan leader Muammar Gaddafi is readying for production, two U.S. Navy F-14s get into a dogfight with Libyan jets in the skies off Tobruk, Libya.

The two U.S. planes literally blow the outmanned MiG-23s out of the air, though later evidence indicates the pilots may have acted prematurely.

Thursday the 5th

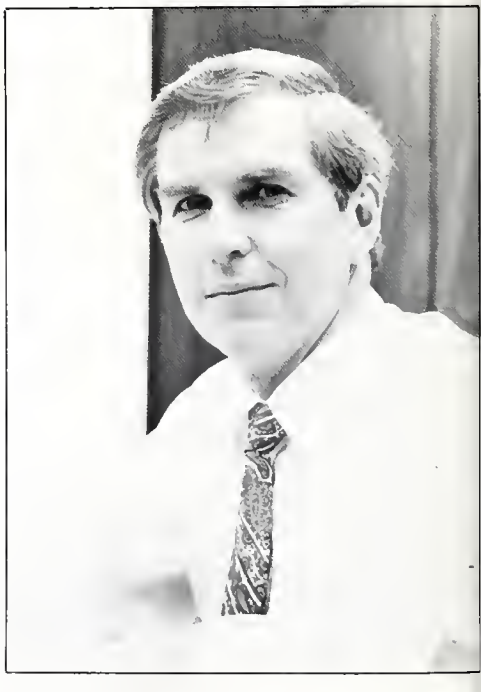
In his semesterly convocation address, the Rev. James C. Carter, S.J., university president, announces that administrators

The Loyola Symphony Orchestra (below) rehearses for the opening of Loyola Opera Theatre's production of *Kismet*.



Donald G. Rizzo (above) becomes new vice president for institutional advancement.

Dean of Business Administration John E. Cave Jr. (below) resigns after six years of service to return to teaching.



ill ask the Board of Trustees to pprove one of the highest tuition ncreases in Loyola's history.

Though he refrains from giving xact figures, indications are that ne rise will be about 16 percent.

Monday the 16th

Two Loyola freshmen are attacked by a gang of black youths fter a parade down Canal Street onoring Martin Luther King Jr. Neither is badly hurt, but the olice make nine arrests during ne parade's violent aftermath.

Tuesday the 17th

Robert Hepler, Loyola Union dviser, announces that controersial speakers at Loyola must ave opposing viewpoints preented when they speak.

The situation spurring Hepler's atement is whether Martin Dubermen, a noted scholar and author, can come and speak on homosexual rights at Loyola.

Though no such policy is found in writing, Loyola administrators later confirm that it does exist.

Dennis Wood, stepfather of Marc Waidner, the freshman who died after a vending machine fell on him, says he has hired a lawyer to determine what, if any, action can be taken against the university.

"It's not going to bring Marc back, but at least [the university] will take precautions so it won't happen again," he says.

In Stockton, Calif., Patrick Purdy, a solitary drifter, walks into a schoolyard and sprays it with more than 100 bullets from a rapid-fire assault rifle — an AKS, the Chinese version of the Soviet AK-47. He kills five children and wounds 29 others and then kills himself with a pistol. There is no apparent motive.

Friday the 20th

The Rev. James C. Carter, S.J., university president, meets with Dr. Deborah Walker, assistant professor of economics, and Eric Eckholdt, Loyola senior, to ask them to change the name of the *Loyola Journal of Economics*.

Carter expresses concern that the word "journal" would indicate the publication were a refereed faculty work, rather than a student one.

Walker, *Journal* adviser, and Eckholdt, *Journal* editor, agree to the change after the meeting.

In Washington, D.C., George Herbert Walker Bush is inaugurated as the 41st President of the United States of America, and

Mordechai Levy (left), Jewish activist, protests David Duke's campaign at a downtown New Orleans rally.

Newly-elected state representative David Duke (right) celebrates his victory at the Metairie Lions Club on election night.

Dan Quayle joins him as vice president.

Tuesday the 24th

The SGA votes to peacefully protest the Board of Trustees meeting to show its disapproval of a recommended 19.5 percent tuition increase.

Thursday the 26th

Loyola's Board of Trustees approves a tuition increase of 14.86 percent, making tuition $7,700 a year.

In addition, the Board votes to increase financial aid to $7.8 million, making total financial aid funds about $16 million once federal matching funds are added.

Saturday the 28th

A Loyola freshman is attacked by a gang while walking in the French Quarter.

Though the youths who attacked him were black, James Requa, Loyola freshman, says the incident didn't appear to be racially motivated.

"They seemed to be doing it out of boredom," he says.

february

Wednesday the 1st

The last Soviet troops leave Afghanistan, plunging the country into civil war between the weak central government and a factious group of Islamic rebels.

The rebels immediately place the city of Jalalabad under siege, testing the strength of President Najibullah.

Monday the 6th

The Rev. James C. Carter, S.J university president, sends le ters to 783 alumni in the 81 District of the Louisiana House Representatives.

In the letter, Carter denounce the National Association for th Advancement of White Peopl saying their goals "are little mo than continued advocacy of th Klan."

The NAAWP was founded b David Duke, who also founde the Knights of the Ku Klux Kla a group he later said he repud ated.

Duke won a plurality of the vo in the Jan. 20 race for th Metairie 81st District Hous seat, and is set for a runoff wit Metairie homebuilder Joh Treen.

Former President Jimmy Carter (far right) eyes former President Gerald Ford (right) at Tulane's Direction '89 program "The American Presidency."

Appoximately 10,000 pilgrims gather at a Tickfaw, La., field (left) to witness miracles and pray.

Tuesday the 14th

Bishop Francis Bible Schulte of Wheeling, W.Va., replaces retiring Archbishop Philip M. Hannan as Archbishop of New Orleans, stressing his role as a "foundation of unity" within the Church.

Wednesday the 15th

Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini sentences Salman Rushdie, author of *The Satanic Verses*, a book depicting Muhammed and the Koran as less than divine, to death. Khomeini's followers offer a $5 million reward to the killer. Rushdie goes into hiding in the United Kingdom, while the sentence touches off a debate about the limits of freedom of speech.

Saturday the 18th

Former Klansman David Duke defeats Metairie homebuilder John Treen in a race for the 81st District seat in the Louisiana House of Representatives, with campaign contributions from all 50 states.

Duke polls 8,459 votes to Treen's 8,232 votes. He calls it "the single greatest political upset in the history of the state of Louisiana."

Wednesday the 22nd

About 20 Loyola students travel to Baton Rouge to protest the seating of Rep. David Duke, R.-Met., in the House chambers.

Duke is sworn in at 10:40 a.m. to applause from the galleries.

Friday the 24th

The Rev. Gerald Fagin, S.J., is named Jesuit Provincial over a 10 state province including Louisiana.

Fagin will leave Loyola at the end of the spring semester, after finishing his duties as associate professor of religious studies.

march

Wednesday the 1st

The Scholarships and Financial Aid Committee decides that recipients of the Presidential Scholarship will not be required to participate in the honors curriculum.

The decision immediately sparks controversy among both students and faculty who feel this move will reduce the quality of both parts of the honors program.

Thursday the 2nd

After Chairperson Peggy McCormack announces she is

Last year it looked like Lt. Col. Oliver North's (right) tight-lipped, patriotic defense of his commander in chief would make him a hero. This year it may bring down two administrations.

Rob Lowe and "Snow White," an unofficial impersonator (above), sing "Proud Mary" during the Oscar ceremonies. The performance was so awful that the next day Walt Disney Inc. sued the Academy of Motion Picture Sciences for copyright infringement.

stepping down for personal health reasons, Arts and Sciences Dean William Eidson announces that Dr. John Mosier will be the new English Department Chairman.

The faculty had voted 12-8 for Dr. William T. Cotton, but Eidson indicated he was not happy with that choice. A debate ensues over whether or not Eidson has acted properly in the matter.

Tuesday the 7th

Printers at the Institute of Human Relations Community Access Technology Center and university administrators sign a union contract, one of the first at Loyola.

The Rev. George F. Lundy, S.J., senior vice president, favors the move, adding that if it were up to him, all employees would unionize.

Thursday the 16th

The Board of Trustees approves a proposal for a graduate degree program in communications.

The department plans to implement the program in the fall of 1989, Dr. Larry Lorenz, department chairman, says.

Lorenz says he expects about 20 students to enroll in the program its first semester.

Friday the 24th

The oil tanker Exxon Valdez runs aground in Alaska's Prince William Sound. The hull ruptures and the supertanker spills 11 million gallons of crude oil into the water.

The captain is drinking on duty and not on the bridge when the accident occurs.

april

Wednesday the 5th

Four candidates ente the race for 1989-9 SGA president: Jaso Caniglia, Leonard L wis, Raymond Wague pack and Dartanian Thomas.

In Poland, the governmer moves to reinstate Solidarity, th banned trade union led by Lec Walesa, and sets the first fre elections in 43 years for thi June.

Tuesday the 11th

University administrators an nounce that Loyola has reache an agreement to sell university owned radio stations WWL-AM and WLMG-FM to Keymarke Communications of North Au gusta, S.C., for $12.85 million.

— Compiled by Andrew Nolar

World-renowned German theologian Hans Küng (left) speaks at Loyola, discussing the fact that there can be no world peace without religious peace. Invited by the religious studies department, he addressed an overflow crowd at Roussel Hall.

Life at Loyola

Four writers explore the campus with sharp eyes and sharper pencils.

- ***academic***
- ***social***
- ***cultural***
- ***sporting***

Academic

Just like the Republicans' 1932 campaign slogan of "a chicken in every pot," 1988-89 was the year Loyola wanted an Apple Macintosh computer in every dorm room.

With the Writing Across the Curriculum Lab and numerous satellite computer stations ampus wide, the university oasted a total of approximately 50 Macs campus wide, with the tal number of computers topng 240.

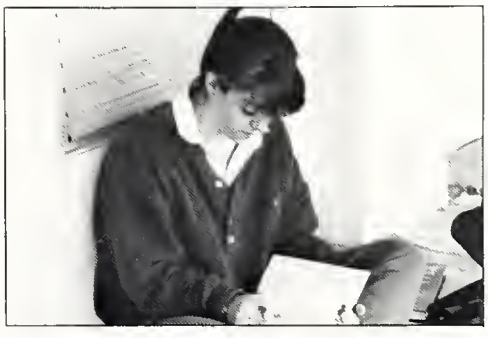
And students bought it: by the ear's end, about 300 had purased computers and software the discounted student ticket rice or $1,200.

Thirty-nine professors got em, too, as part of a grant from pple, and soon the old reliable xcuse of "But my typewriter bbon ran out," simply wouldn't suffice anymore.

Touted by many to be a season of change, the year in academics was rather mild.

Institutional Research reported 4,952 people — 2,847 full-time undergraduates — were officially enrolled as full-time students.

Student Government president Jason Caniglia promised a strong commitment to academics, yet the SGA, which occasionally mustered the momentum necessary to take decisive action, failed to really *do* anything about academics.



In somewhat of a response to Allan Bloom's criticism of college students' lack of knowledge in his *The Closing of the American Mind*, E. D. Hirsch's *Dictionary of Cultural Literacy* — an alphabetized list of what every "educated" individual should know — ruffled a few feathers before becoming Mom and Dad's niftiest stocking stuffer.

After slight restructuring in Fall 1987, the Presidential Scholars Honors Program was the victim of yet more criticism as its younger participants faced the possibility of the inclusion of a math class.

Composition 122, properly entitled Analysis of Argument, was still the most feared and misunderstood freshman requirement.

And about 65 percent of freshmen had a deficiency in math, forcing them into math 091 or 092.

In the shadow of the recently

completed Sports/ Recreational Complex, Loyola's library remained a relic from a forgotten age, destined to endure endless committee studies and the ominous threat of a capital campaign before it could creep from beneath its paleolithic rock.

And as the final cherry atop the delectable, multilayered creation called academics, Loyola announced in February that tuition would climb an unprecedented 15 percent, driving the annual cost of the Jesuit education to $7,700.

A family setting and a dedication to thinking and values are the atmosphere Loyola tries to convey in marketing itself.

"Self-Discovery...Values.. Critical Thinking."

This is the motto of the new and improved admissions viewbook, which aims to identify students who will best fit in to the Loyola community, learn and grow when they are here and stay to complete a full four years.

But identifying this student is not easy, and keeping him here is even more difficult.

With the turnover of nearly the entire admissions staff in Fall 1987, Loyola's administration revamped its outlook on admissions, stressing that retention was the ultimate aim.

The shift in marketing was to present Loyola as a serious institution seeking serious students who will stay here to complete a full four years.

Retention seems to be a problem, with only 30.9 percent of full-time freshmen entering in Fall 1981 graduating on time (as compared with the national average of 46 percent), according to a May 1986 report by John Sears, former director of Institutional Advancement.

As dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Dr. William W. Eidson has a great interest in identifying weaknesses in faculty and academics that lead to a loss of students enrolled at Loyola.

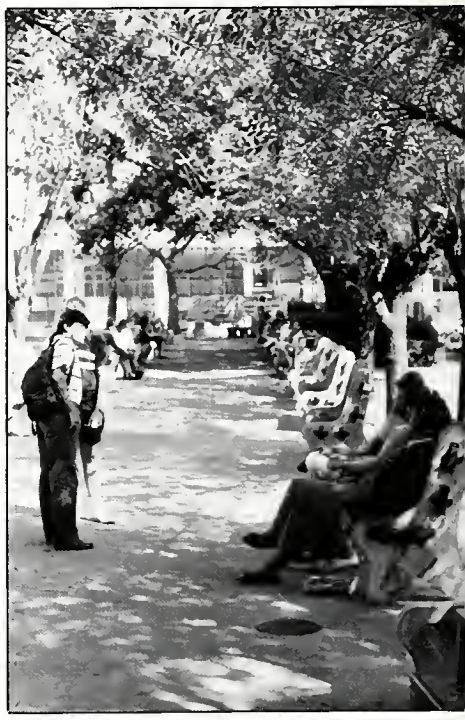
He cited a 1986 study in which 40 percent of the students responding left Loyola for financial reasons, 40 percent for academic — some had grades that were too poor; others sought a more challenging institution — and another 20 percent for various other personal reasons.

"We do more for our students than any other university I know of," Eidson said.

The new general studies advising program started under Dr. Claire Paolini, associate dean of Arts and Sciences, has resulted in 93 percent retention rate of participating students.

"With special advising, we're doing something right," Eidson said. "TLC works every time."

"But we need as high as possible standards — they have to come from the faculty," Eidson said. "Every student should demand to get the most from his courses.



"If you're paying hard mone for your classes, shouldn't yo get your money's worth?"

While an unidentified stratur of Loyola's student body proba bly spends a vast amount of tim devising elaborate schemes t miss class and contriving crea tive excuses to evade tests an papers, there are those who *ar* getting their money's worth an are brave enough to admit the have classes (and professors

ey actually like.

Louis Adams didn't have to ink twice about his favorite ofessor — Dr. S. J. Makielski, ofessor of political science.

"You get the impression that hen he says, 'Come talk to me,' means it," Adams explained. "On the first day of class he ve us his home phone number! n in my fourth class with him, d I've never had a teacher who s easier to follow. In his class, ere are no lulls."

Angel Antin named the Rev. o Nicoll, S.J., associate profes- of history, and the Rev. ephen C. Rowntree, S.J., asso- te professor of philosophy, as o instructors whom she found tertaining.

"I love Father Nicoll because he ghs at my jokes," she said. "I o like ethics because I like to tch Father Rowntree dance — just sweats with such style!"

A Presidential Scholar, Antin identified her Modern Epic course with Dr. Marcus Smith, associate professor of English, as her most unusual.

"Writing an epic was an experience," she said. "It was fascinating, because when I read it now, I can see how much of myself I put into it."

Rebecca Pentes claimed she despised accounting, but she gave a thumbs up to Dr. Nancy Anderson and the Rev. Benjamin Wren, both of the history department, and Dr. William Barnett, associate professor of business administration, whom she called "hilarious."

And Stephanie Hinckley named band director Dr. Joseph Hebert, professor of music, a favorite because "he's down to earth, he gets the job done and he's reliable."

The two instructors who stood out in Ralph Biddy's mind were Dr. Karen Arnold, associate professor of business administration, and Dr. Ernest Nordtvedt, professor of business administration.

"Dr. Arnold is always able to include fun examples to help you relate to what you're learning," Biddy said.

"And Dr. Nordtvedt is a perfectionist. He pushed me harder than anyone else, and I learned more in Small Business Institute than anything else."

Even though he is a biology major, Bert Swafford named the Rev. Gerald Fagin, S.J., associate professor of religious studies, his favorite.

"He makes you think and reflect on your own life," Swafford said. At the oppposite extreme, he said organic chemistry "just didn't click."

After having several classes

with Dr. David Moore, associate profesor of history, Annette Tornello said, "I respect his amount of knowledge and the way he presents it."

She added that Arts and Ideas, a common curriculum course, is also a favorite. "I never thought I'd have the opportunity to take something like that — the whole class is looking at art!"

As a Jesuit university, Loyola strives to provide a strong education in a degree program undergirded by the common elements that serve as the mortar between areas of study.

Many students, however, seem to spend years chiseling away at the mortar of the common curriculum rather than recognizing its importance to understanding one's major.

"I hate philosophy with a passion," Adams said emphatically. "I can understand religious studies because this is a Catholic school, but I think a lot of people have trouble relating to philosophy."

Clay McGovern said perception of common curriculum classes is a problem. "I would make it more clear to the students that common curriculums aren't just blow off classes," he said.

Yet some students say they haven't had enough common curriculum because of requirements in their majors.

"I've had physics, biology and chemistry," Mary Stella Powell said. "I'd rather be taking the philosophy and the religion because that's something I think I could be learning from."

"I'd like to broaden the amount of courses for a biology major," Swafford said. "The entire curriculum is geared toward premed, but I would like to have

picked up a few more religious studies classes."

And students aren't the only ones who seem to have difficulties with these core requirements.

Among the complaints of professors are a lack of coherence and attempt on the part of some faculty to cover too much material in too short of a time.

"My impression is that common curriculum is not taught at the same level as major courses," Eidson said. "The philosophy excellent in concept, but t standards aren't high enough.

It was with such problems these in mind that the Standi Council for Academic Planni began in Spring 1988 a comple curriculum review aimed at university-wide evaluation th would lead to any necessary re sions and refinements.

This review was differer SCAP attempted to answer question — "What knowledg

kills, behaviors and attitudes hould all Loyola graduates pos-ess?" — in terms of outcomes.

Rather than focusing on what oes into a university, the stu-ent as a holistic product of that niversity is studied.

After requesting input from all he colleges in the fall, the li-rary and the SGA, SCAP fell ehind its original timeline.

In February, the Rev. George . Lundy, S.J., senior vice presi-ent and chairman of SCAP, said e was hopeful that phase one of he review would be completed y the end of the academic year, lthough no specific changes will e implemented until Spring 990.

But despite all the questions nd uncertainties, the impor-nce of a liberal arts education as grown as the job market ontinues to change with ever-

increasing speed.

According to a 1980 National Council of Teachers and Educators study, the average 1980 college graduate would change jobs every five years and careers three times during his lifetime. In addition, the study also predicted that one-third of the jobs available in 1999 wouldn't have existed in 1980.

"Vocational education is insufficient," John Biguenet, professor of English, said. "It prepares you for the first five to 10 years of working, but liberal arts prepare you for life.

"The only thing certain about the future is its rate of change. We must train you to be a lifelong learner."

For students at Loyola, lifelong learning begins now. In addition, some say they have adopted new perspectives because of their academics.

And, regardless what complaints they have about the system, most seem to feel prepared by the education they are receiving to meet the challenges of the working world.

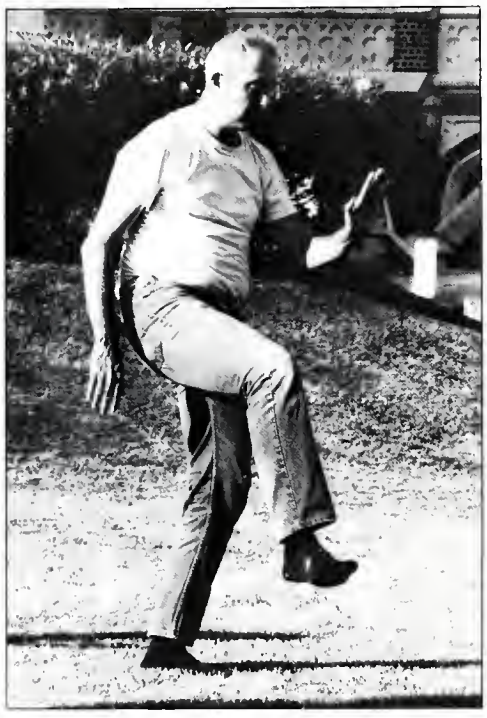
"I'm definitely prepared because of the friends I've made and the different views I've been exposed to," Biddy said.

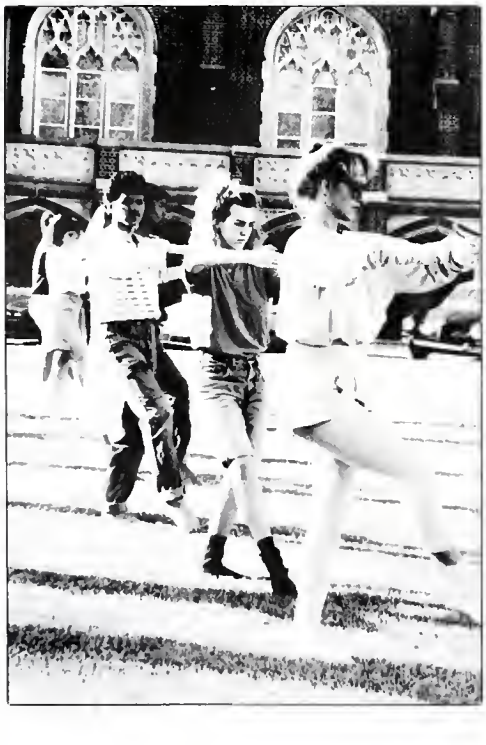
Biddy said his business courses have left a distinct imprint on him. "When I came in, I didn't care what happened in the business world," he said. "Now I try to keep up — I usually read some kind of business journal, and I can apply that to class."

Although academics take up a large portion of her time, Pentes said she still finds time for outside reading. Among her favorites: Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*, the poems of T.S. Eliot and James Michener's *Space, Texas*.

"The music education I've gotten here has been excellent," Hinckley, who said she will probably teach beginning band at an elementary level, said. "I've come to appreciate going out to hear different types of music with friends."

"For the most part, I'm getting what I expect, and sometimes I get something I didn't expect," Antin said. For her, the summer months are usually a time to catch up on all the "required reading" that she just didn't have time to finish during academic year.





Swafford said his undergra
ate research project, in which
junior and senior biology maj
must participate, provided
firm foundation for further st
ies.

"That experience has rea
prepared me — I feel ready
graduate school," Swafford sa

"With a whole half semeste
student teaching I'll have to
I'll definitely be prepared for

uture," Tornello said. She said er experience as a whole hrough her education courses as afforded her the opportunity o meet educators and learn from hem.

"I can't have any qualms about alking to teachers and princi- als," she said. "My academics ave given me the initiative to ake control of certain situ- tions."

Loyola students are quick to oint out that they want more rom college than just school ork.

"I'd say academics are impor- ant, but I don't think they're olely important," Adams, who as participated in a Greek or- anization, SGA and soccer, aid. "Companies don't just look t your report card."

"Academics alone won't get you verywhere," Biddy explained. "It's important to get a well-rounded experience with club activities, spiritual activities and meeting friends."

While jobs, indifference or other commitments cause some students to rank academics as a low priority, and most will describe college as much more than classes alone, many students do rank academics the most important aspect of their total college experience.

"Since I am an education student, I think academics are my highest priority because I respect the education I'm getting," Tornello said. "Maybe that's why I want to be a teacher."

As a music major, Hinckley's academic work often takes the form of practicing, something she said she does nearly every day. "I always have to be prepared," she said.

"I put more into my academics than anything else, and I don't sleep as a result," Antin said.

She paused, then added, "If academics weren't so hard, then having fun wouldn't be so much

fun." — Andrea LeBoeuf

social

It's three o'clock on a Saturday morning, and the usual crowd at Fat Harry's is beginning to pour out of the front doors, into the street and onto the streetcar lines.

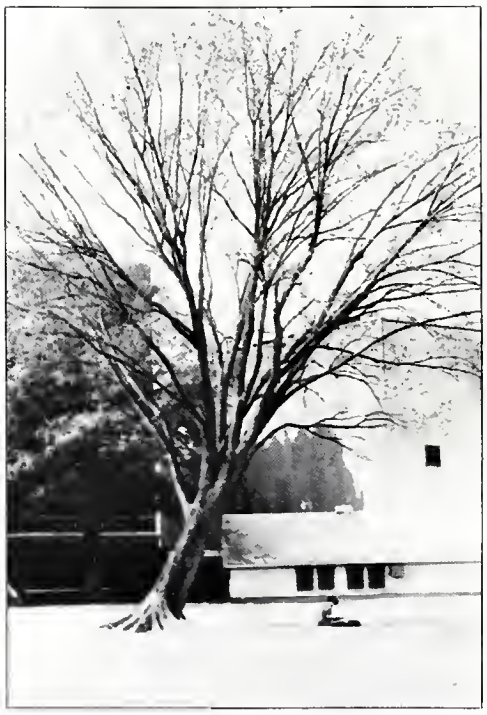
"Is there a cover for this place?" I ask sophomorically.

"What, they're gonna charge you for standing out on the street?" my friend snaps back. "Haven't you been here before?"

"No," I admit. "I haven't. I've never been to Fat Harry's before. OK? Is that OK with you? I'm a graduating senior, and I've never been here before."

At least that's how I imagine it would have been — if that really would have happened.

Of course, I just made that up because I'm writing about the social life of the typical Loyola student.



I mean, I've been to Fat Harry's, or "Fats," as we regulars call it. I'm even friends with bartenders. My friends are eve friends with the bouncers. think I even may have met th owner once.

The beer is cold, the atmos phere is crazy and the bathroom are clean.

(Something tells me I shouldn have put that last line in there

"It's too crowded, too dark, an it's disgusting, but I always seer to end up there," Renné Pagan said.

So they don't have clean bath rooms (according to Pagano an other sources). It doesn't mea I've never been there.

I just got confused with th bathroom at Quills. What? Oh hell. Never mind — there's n use in hiding it.

I've never been to Fat Harry'

I've always wanted to go, but just seems that there is alway something else I have to do.

"At the end of the evening, when you're out of money, it's a great place to find quarters on the ground," laughed Laura Aaron.

"Then you have enough money for drinks."

"That's one good reason for having a short friend," interrupted Eileen Smith.

They went on to tell me that last Saturday they found enough quarters for three drinks.

Last Saturday? I think that was the same day I was supposed to go to Fats with them, but as I recall there was Perry Mason special on after the news, and I really couldn't miss it.

"We go there on a weekend basis," Smith boasted.

I guess it seems like I watch a lot of Perry Mason. I mean, I know there is 24-hour programming on most of the cable channels, and I do subscribe to *all* the major cable movie channels.

And, since I'm being so honest, I may as well just admit it. I am graduating, and it's time some people — especially some teachers — faced the facts.

Those people who had to watch television for their Violence in America class and their Television Criticism class used to call me up while they were making logs and ask me to tell them what happened during the 10 hours a week of TV they were supposed to be watching.

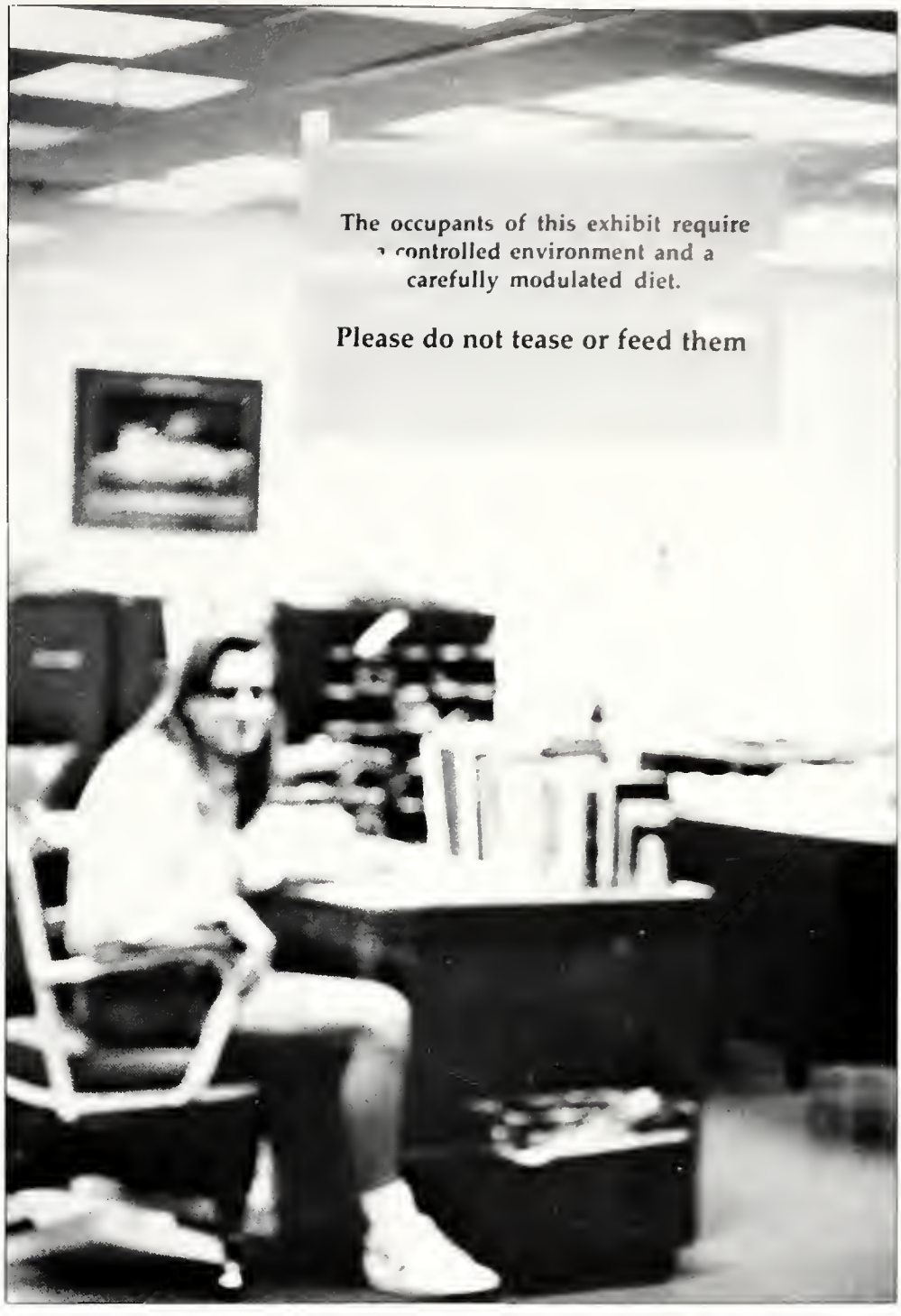
Most agreed that I was more informed than *TV Guide*.

Informed? Sure. I mean, I didn't even know you could take classes that required you to watch TV.

Give me those over Comp 122 any day.

Yes, it's true. I knew what was going on on every TV sitcom, but socially, let's face it: I was a vidiot."

I knew there was a lot to do on campus and around the city, but it seemed that I was wreaking



havoc on the cable guide while everyone else was wreaking havoc upon the campus and the city of New Orleans.

Of course, I don't mean to say that *everyone* goes around wreaking havoc upon the city.

Kristin Fourroux reminded me that part of the Loyola social life was just "sitting aorund and talking to people in the pub and in the park and the quads."

That's right, I thought to myself, I'm not a social loser. I mean, I talk to people, in the quads, at least.

I guess I talk to a lot of people. I guess I really am pretty popular.

Then Fourroux went on to tell me that she also likes going to "organization parties like togas, mixers and formals."

Great. Organizations.

What organizations are these?

The organizations I belong to don't have togas. We did have a clothes drive, but I don't think that that quite cuts it on a socia meter.

And as for formals — well, mean, I've been invited — al most.

Besides, aren't those on Fri days and Saturdays? That's al well and good, but have you see the new NBC line-up? It's no like I could miss it or anything.

Besides, I'm not the organiza tion type. Yeah, I can live with that rationalization.

"What I like doing is going t dances," Ruth Sperier said.

What dances?

I suppose you have to be in ar organization to go to those as well?

"No, like the homecoming dance and the Riverboat dance, she said. "They're open to every one."

Well, I didn't hear about them When were they? How come everyone on this campus knows about these dances?

Would someone reading thi please tell when the next dance is?

Dances, formals, togas — thi social thing may have more going for it than "Dynasty."

Is everyone on this campus a social slut?

"I don't do anything socially, *Christopher J. Doyle said.*

Right.

This social thing is beginnin to look up. It's got action, too, a Sperier pointed out.

"Well, you can't print this, bu since I have a car, my friends an I like to go out and steal mil crates at three in the morning, she said.

Thievery, too. I'm impressed.

But that's not where it ends.

The Loyola student's pursuit o entertainment, stories to writ home about and quarters als involves travel.

"I like to go down to the French Quarter late at night with my friends and sing on the street corner and try to get enough money to buy a diet Coke," Cecily Barolak said.

"We sang everything, but we got only 25 cents from two old drunks who requested that we shut up. So we had to steal a quarter out of the fountain in the lobby of the Royal Sonesta."

"I really don't do anything socially," Doyle reiterated. "Let's see, what did I do last week?"

Get back to us later with that, OK, Chris?

Meanwhile it seems Barolack isn't the only person whose social adventures lead her to somewhere other than Uptown bars.

Vanessa Brown said she "liked to go to Jax, but now that it's closed, we go out in the Quarter late Friday nights and disturb the peace."

And the social travels of Maureen McQueen took her to exotic and unusual places around the city, as she admitted that she "peed in a closet at F&M's and almost got arrested."

But now she said she'd rather listen to jazz bands at Preservation Hall, Storyville and Snug Harbor.

"I also like to go to Nick's bar," she said, but added that she has never used the facilities in any

closets there.

Paul Rankin also admitted that he likes Nick's, but he didn't have one word to say about the bathrooms.

Instead, Rankin said he "likes going there and trying to steal drinks on ladies' nights."

Well, that's a Thursday night, and you know what that means: "Cosby," "A Different World," "Cheers," "Night Court" and "L.A. Law."

I guess ladies' night is out of the question for me. What can I say — I'm a creature of habit.

"Movies. I think I see a lot of movies," Doyle said, pondering further where all of his time and money are spent.

That's OK, Chris.

Noelle St. Germai doesn't have a social life, either.

"No, I do have a social life...I hang around Caroline's," St. Germai said.

"Yeah, but we don't do anything," Caroline Richards stated unfearingly.

"Yes, we do. We...we...we watch 'Mash.'"

"Not only do we not have social lives," Richards reminded her friend, "but we don't want anyone to know about it."

Well, I happen to know that these two do in fact have social lives, and if you've never seen them out, then you're not at the right places.

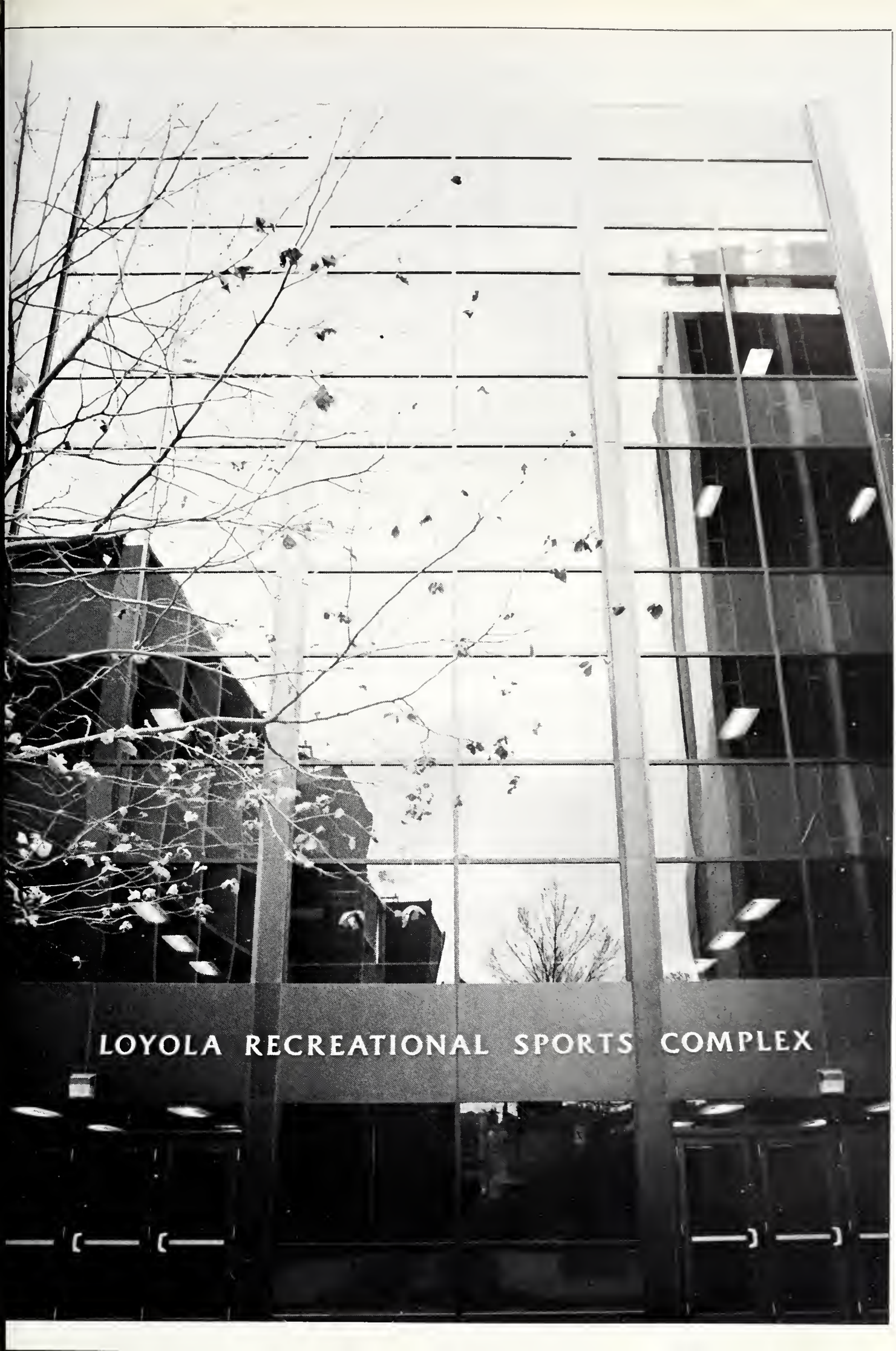
(How's that, Caroline?)

"I watch a lot of television..."

That's good, Chris.

Because television is one of my favorite things, too. And it seems to be an integral part of the Loyola social life, at least for me, Chris and those people who actually get credit for it.

But as for the rest of campus — out there at Metairie bars "picking up yats," singing on the stage at Benny's and taking pool cues from Ms. Mae's, as well as stealing quarters, crates and drinks from women, bums and foun-


LOYOLA RECREATIONAL SPORTS COMPLEX

tains, as they listen to jazz bands and rock bands, and dance in their togas at organization parties I never even knew existed —

I guess it's time I turned the VCR on and joined in on some of the excitement.

"I guess you could call my social life boring. I don't even have a fun quote."

That's all right, Chris.

Maybe next year.

— Dan Mailliard

cultural

The evening is quiet; the colors in the sky seem to melt together — reds, oranges, pinks and purples swirl among the clouds as the sky begins to darken in the east.

The traffic has begun to slow along St. Charles Avenue, as stressed, tired downtown workers make their way home. Squirrels jump across the grass in Audubon Park, hurrying to their homes, their scurrying accompanied by birds singing their last few notes before the day is done.

All is becoming quiet, except for the occasional metal rumble of a streetcar, with its passengers staring out the windows, lost in individual worlds of both crises and dreams.

The tall, red-brick buildings seem to darken with the dimming of the sun, and the statue of Jesus with his arms raised high seems to pronounce a final daily blessing on all he sees.

The spires of the church nudge the darkening sky, and the first few evening stars start to glisten near the top of Marquette Hall.

A Jesuit makes his way to Thomas Hall, and pauses to look out into the horseshoe. The deep colors behind the church are gradually disappearing, and the shadows are growing longer on the grass.

Lights begin to burn in the windows of Marquette, Miller, Monroe and Bobet as students sit in the brightly lit rooms, open

eir books and set themselves to ork for the night.

The quads grow quiet, and arkness finally settles over the ty.

Lights from downtown build-gs, the Superdome and from ound the city cast a faint pink-h glow to the sky.

Loyola University sits quietly n St. Charles, watching the ark across the avenue and Tu-ne across Freret Street, a part the special culture which each udent, each citizen, is a part of, aking the New Orleans/Loyola perience unique.

Days started out long in New rleans in August, as the sun at down on the crowded city. ne first few students made eir way to the residence halls, ce again finding themselves a rt of the unique New Orleans culture.

Days were spent unpacking, evenings Uptown or in the Quarter — a Quarter that seemed to grow more crowded every second as well-dressed men and women

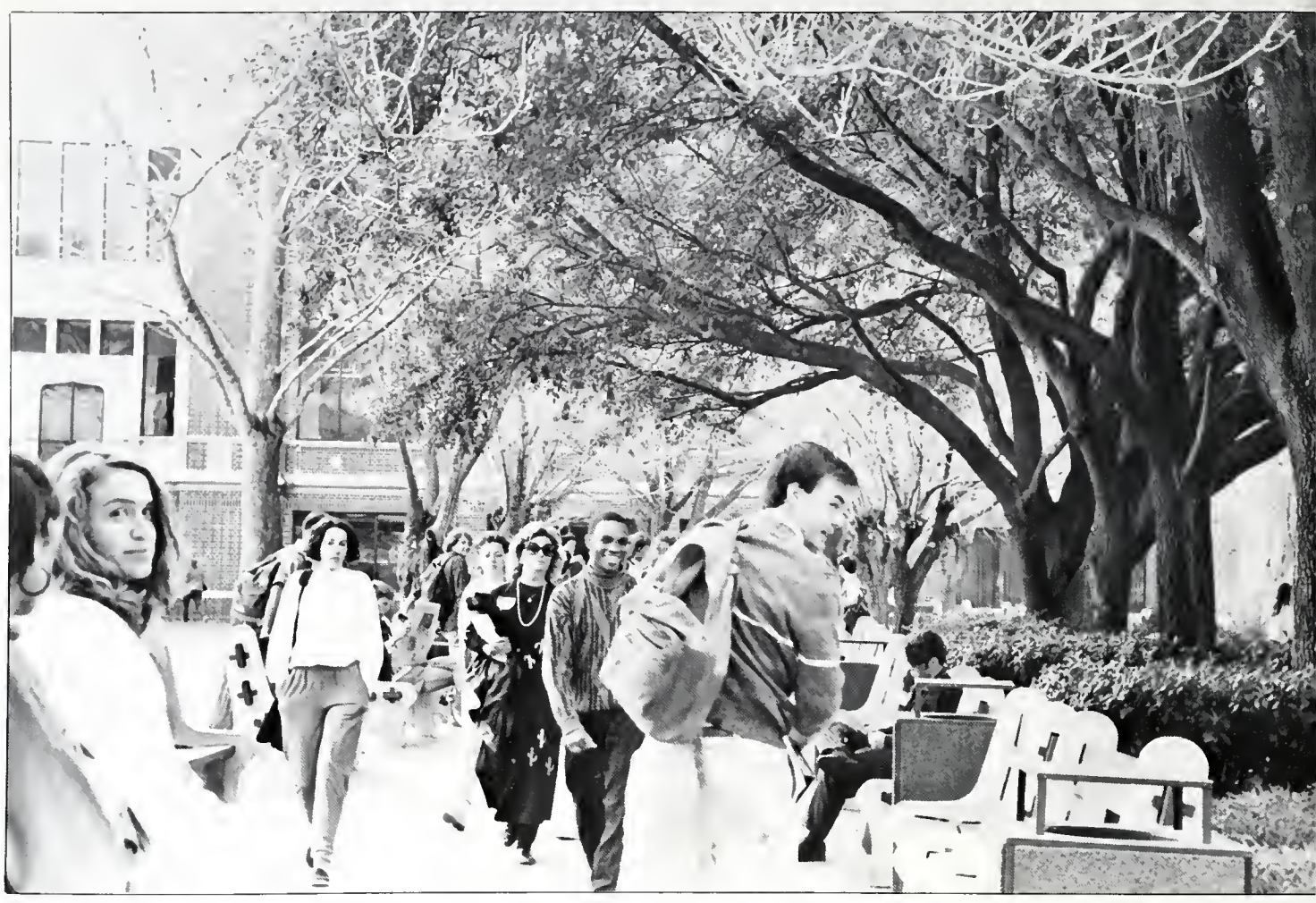
sampled the customs of the New Orleans community, customs many from far away were unfamiliar with.

Their conversations ranged from hometowns to hopes, always getting back to politics, and a certain well-known man — George Bush.

Red, white and blue took the place of the usual New Orleans green, purple and gold as members of the GOP moved from hotels to night spots to the Superdome — the Republican convention marked a chapter in New Orleans history.

Speeches were heard from the Spanish Plaza at the Riverwalk to the huge platform spanning the usual Saints/Tulane playing field.

Thursday came, Bush accepted the nomination, thousands of balloons fell from the roof of one



of the largest domes in the nation, and the Republican revelers made their way home.

The elephant was taken from the top of the Hyatt, and the red, white and blue were put away until the next Independence Day.

Days grew shorter, and the weather changed from hot and increasingly muggy to damp and cool. Students returned to their homes to celebrate Thanksgiving, arriving back on campus in time to finish term papers and projects, and begin studying for final exams.

Across the city, a park was being prepared for the upcoming holiday season.

Thousands of lights were strung from branch to branch, and from tree to tree — City Park was being made ready for its "Christmas Under the Oaks."

Students and visitors from all over the city walked beneath the huge trees, luminous with the lights rivaling the stars overhead. The line of cars waiting to drive through the park stretched for miles, moving slowly, the headlights shining a path to the lighted Advent celebration.

Finals ended, and students headed home.

For the seniors, the countdown had finally begun. Juniors and sophomores sighed, as yet another semester was under their belt. Freshmen relaxed at home, relieved that the first college semester was over.

Classes started up again in January, with students newly motivated, ready for the new semester, the clean slate.

Midterms loomed ahead, but before one could really look, Mardi Gras arrived. From Veterans Boulevard in Metairie t St. Charles Avenue, Freret an Lee Circle, the pre-Lenten cele brations and parades snake throughout the city.

Loyola students crowde around the floats, calling at firs for any throws, becoming pick as more parades passed then settling at last only for rose spears, coconuts, and *long bead*

Survival of the fittest — an the fastest — was the prevailin rule.

Students fought against men women and children both youn and old for the prettiest, th ugliest, the most unusual throw

For some Loyola student however, the idea of Mardi Gra was met with a somewhat diffe ent reaction: they were to b looking from the other side of th float; they were the ones tha held the happiness, satisfactio

nd the treasures of the carnival evelers in their hands — or at ast in their bags of throws.

"I definitely prefer to be doing ne throwing," Garret Willem, ho rides in the Atlas parade, id.

"I guess I just got kind of disenanted with standing out there nd screaming.

"It's wonderful from the other de," Willem said. "You get ressed up in your little costume ith the stuff you've spend hunreds and hundreds of dollars to row, and just go out and have a reat time."

Time goes as fast during the arade for the krewes as it does r the thousands standing at the ot of the floats, Willem said.

"It's hilarious. It's the most fun do — you might be on the float r four hours, but it seems like five minutes," he said.

"You're up there, and all of a sudden you realize what we're doing is throwing things at people."

Existing on the other side of the Mardi Gras scene does have its negative side, however, Willem said.

"We were getting toward the end, and I had a bunch of doubloons left, and threw them," he ruefully smiles.

"I hit a guy in the face with them, so here he comes, up to the float, jumps up, and tries to grab my costume. It's the first bit of aggression I've ever personally dealt with riding with the krewe.

"Now I'm *very* careful about putting things right in people's hands."

"It's hard to pick one happening that's really the best," Willem said. "There was this one time, though..."

Willem smiled as he remembered, and hesitated for just a second.

"We had stopped on Severn, and there was a woman there — oh, about 23, 24 — with her boyfriend, flirting like mad with me to get a pair of pearls," he said.

"While we were there, she would just about do anything; we had her spinning in circles, still flirting. Before we left, she had her boyfriend lift her up to give me a kiss — it's hard to believe what you can get someone to do for pearls."

And what's the best way for the person on the ground get the pearls and the long beads?

"When you're riding all you see is a mass of people," Willem said.

"Somebody has to catch your eye — and then it's how they strike you — I can't stand people that are demanding.

"I like to pick out the people in groups who are laughing, having fun, looking like complete idiots."

"On the other hand," he added, smiling, "some people will say the one who lifts her shirt the highest — people will probably throw her quite a lot."

Mardi Gras ended abrubtly, Ash Wednesday coming quickly to start the Lenten season. And as the Lenten season began, spring began to make itself known in New Orleans.

The weather warmed up, unbelievably nice for New Orleans. The sun began to shine, and Buddig Beach, high atop the dorm, began to be crowded, and one could smell the suntan oil as darkened friends passed in the quad.

Students began to realize that Spring Break and summer vacation were just around the corner.

And in the city, the spring cultural life rapidly continued.

In January 1988, the New Orleans Symphony had closed the doors of its performances after years of financial problems.

Loyola put its support behind the symphony, offering its own dean of music to lead the musicians in their hope to regain balance and continue offering the city a part of both musical and aesthetic culture gained by no other art form.

In September 1988, the symphony discussed plans to rise above its problems, but were unable to find the concrete backing.

In early Spring 1989, however, the symphony once again saw the brilliant light of possibility shining not too far ahead them.

Anonymous supporters offere to pay off the debts of the men bers of the symphony and th symphony itself. The Orpheu theater was reopened, and th music once again began to play

On the night of March 8, all wa quiet in the theater as the silenc before the first few notes seeme to waver in anticipation.

The conductor's hands droppe — the thunderous beauty of th symphony catered to the gath ered crowd — New Orlean Symphony had once again be gun.

At Loyola, the year drew ever closer to its fulfillment.

Classes grew a bit tougher a teachers tried to finish all thei plans. Each department tried t make a unique name for itself i the uniqueness of the year itself And culturally, the days had no

inished.

Loyola's drama department oncluded its year of student erformances, which had included the mysterious, haunting *Kismet* in September; the special nd unusual *Talking With*; the uspenseful *Wait Until Dark*; *Macbeth* in its most elegant yet ightening tradition; and *The Crucible,* an opera which filled oussel theater with not only usic but horror, and caused the udience to think of where and ow their ancestors, and their resent lives had left them in is modern society.

After each performance, the ghts dimmed in the theaters — Roussel, Marquette, Nunemaker — and the many students volved rubbed the makeup off eir faces, rested their tired ices and changed back into the othes expressing their own dividual personalities, hanging the garments of the characers they had assumed until the ext evening show.

On May 15, the last footsteps of he seniors would echo through he halls at Loyola, quiet as the aculty and undergraduates aited in anticipation for the nal action of the full, fun year.

Caps and gowns had been fitd and adjusted; diplomas had een stacked, waiting in the uditorium.

Graduate schools and jobs ould now be foremost in the inds of the individuals who for he last four years had walked he pathways between the anna Center and Bobet, between the library and Marquette, between the residence alls.

As the last strains of "Pomp nd Circumstance" fade in the ackground and the last caps

nd gowns are traded for the lothes of a new adult lifestyle, he sun will dim once again, as it id so many months before in the eat of an August day.

The streetcar will be full for the ast visit to the Quarter for many f the adults with life plans all ver the country. The stars will egin to flicker in the darkened ky and the shadows of the ca- hedral, Marquette and Thomas alls will overtake the summer reen.

Down St. Charles, toward the ity, the culture of New Orleans ill continue — the Cajun, the Quarter, the jazz, the citizens hemselves — as the Loyola ommunity takes a small part of hat culture home with them to omes all over the world.

The red-brick fortress is quiet n this evening, a backdrop gainst the small white statue in he horseshoe on the avenue — nd the blessing will be once gain incurred, a part, perhaps nfelt, of the unique culture of ach of us, sharing in the com- non Loyola bond. — Cathy aroco

Sporting

Sports at Loyola.

Some might call this a contradiction in terms, considering Loyola has no intercollegiate athletic teams other then the club basketball and soccer squads.

But now with the opening of the new Recreational Sports Complex n January, 1988 was the most mportant year in the history of oyola sports, or at least in the istory of recreational sports.

Nearly 800 people — students, aculty and New Orleanians ike — visited the Rec Plex very day in Fall 1988, while undreds more biked, walked or jogged off campus.

Interestingly, the different motivations to exercise and participate in sports were as numerous as the athletes themselves.

Some enjoy the thrill of competition and the comraderie of team athletics, while others simply whip themselves into shape in the Rec Plex weight room or on its suspended jogging balcony.

Many others enroll in karate classes or stay in shape by attending aerobics classes. Still more students enjoy workouts in the Rec Plex pool.

Joe Trahan doesn't like to lose.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to say Trahan *hates* losing.

A member of the No Clue competitive flag football squad, Trahan still speaks bitterly of No Clue's loss to the Large Men, the league's eventual champion.

It was the team's first defeat since its creation two seasons ago. While Trahan conceded that the Large Men was a fine squad, he maintained, "We should have beat them!"

Although Trahan didn't experience the 1988 State Flag Football playoffs as a player, he was able to do so somewhat vicariously.

Trahan, along with Martin Tinkler, earned a bid as a referee for the tournament, held the weekend of Nov. 18-20.

Trahan and Tinkler, along with the women's champion team, Delta Gamma, the men's co-rec winner, Beggars, and the Large Men, traveled to McNeese State University in Lake Charles, La., for the tournament.

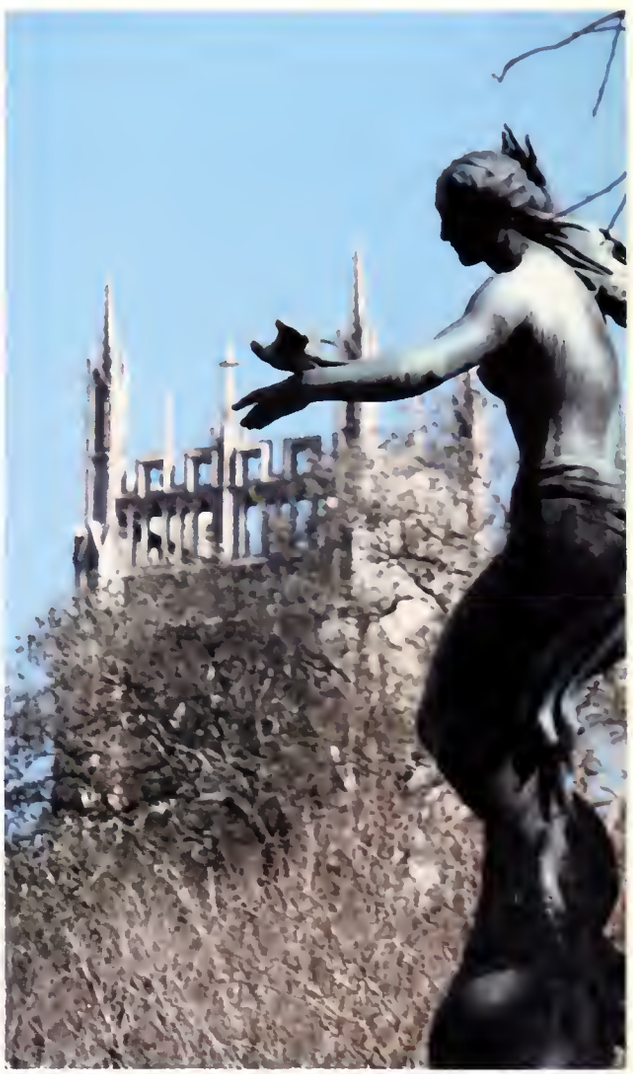
"The athletes were incredible," Trahan said. "Louisiana has the greatest flag football in the country.

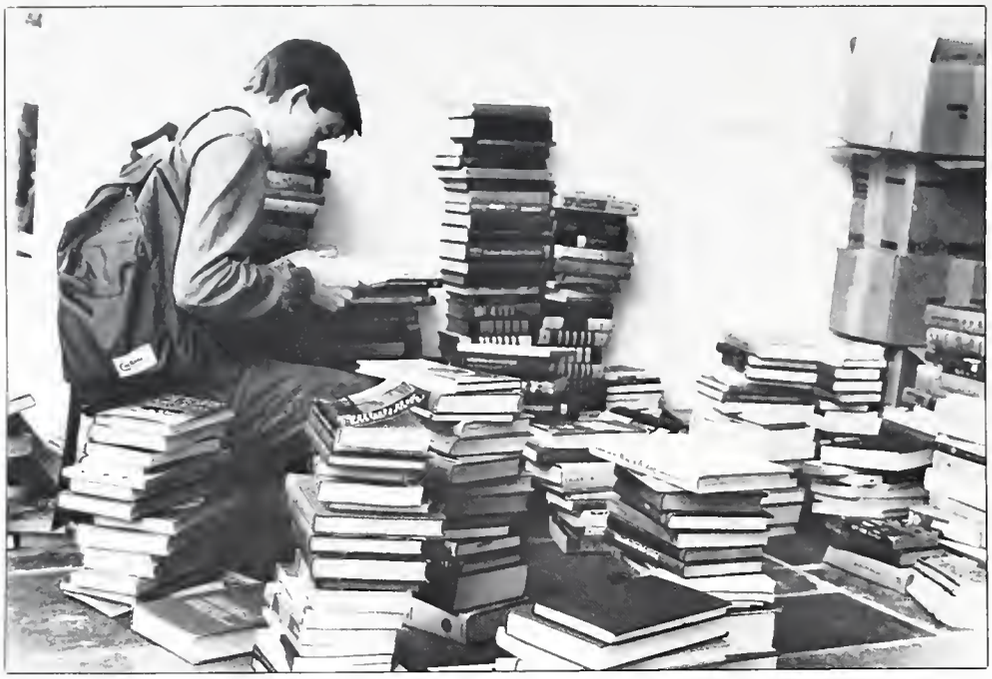
Loyola was represented well on all fronts at the tourney. The Large Men advanced all the way to the quarterfinals, only to lose to the eventual tournament champion by one touchdown.

The son of a Baton Rouge high school football and baseball coach, Greg Suire has grown up understanding the thrills and spills of organized competitive sports.

Suire played junior college baseball at Southwest Mississippi Junior College last year. This fall, however, Suire decided to slow his competitive drive and enroll at Loyola.

"Of course I like to win," he said, but it is no longer something he strives to do at all costs. Suire, who played flag football,





basketball and softball this year, said now he is involved simply for the team atmosphere.

"I enjoy working together as a unit and succeeding," he said.

Suire said he has no more afterthoughts of losing — when a recreational contest is over, it's over. The time spent in less, and the amount of concern he has has diminished as well. The price paid is less and therefore the dividends are not as great.

Stephanie Harper also appreciates the comraderie that develops among her Delta Gamma sorority sisters as they compete in various intramural activities.

"We're just out there to have a good time," said Harper, who played on the DG football, basketball and cabbageball squads.

The Delta Gamma football squad must have enjoyed themselves this season, defeating Three Left Feet in the women's flag football division to move on to represent Loyola at the Louisiana State Championship.

Although she enjoys the team atmosphere, Harper said she prefers the head-to-head competition of tennis. She relishes personal competition, adding that she gets "really frustrated when other people screw up."

In tennis, Harper has no one to blame but herself. The responsibility for the outcome of the contest falls squarely on her shoulders.

John Barrett is another athlete who thrives on personal competition and pushing himself to his physical limits.

A cross country runner in high school, Barrett has become a frequent user of the Rec Plex. He knows exactly what he'll do when he checks in at the sports complex, and rarely leaves before completing the tasks.

Barrett said he often varies his workouts. "Some days I hit the bag, some days I'll run a mile after a workout — it all depends." Barrett's workouts include a heavy use of free weights and a rigorous series of abdominal crunches.

In keeping with his personality, Barrett always goes to the Rec Plex meaning business and never pleasure. "I never go in there just for fun," he said.

Unlike Barrett, Lisa Gray is intimidated a bit by the fr weight room.

Gray tries to exercise eve other night, usually walking mile or two on the suspende balcony and utilizing the Naut lus equipment in the Rec Plex.

"I do it to stay in shape an because I enjoy it," she e plained.

Gray is a rigid exerciser whe she does make her way to the Re Plex, but finds making time t exercise her biggest problem.

Simply put, Joe Hemphill en joys people.

The sports he participates i seem to act only as props, a excuses for Hemphill to interac with others.

This fall he organized a co-re and a competitive volleyba squad, both aptly named th Superfriends. While the Super friends of the co-rec league wer league champions, the competi tive team wasn't as fortunate.

They ran into two simple prob lems: La Hundiera and Los Mostrous, the teams that even tually clashed in the title game

Hemphill described the teams which consisted mostly of his panic students, as "skilled and experienced above and beyond the rest of the league. It was definitely more experience than skill," he stessed.

Hemphill also served as a vol leyball and basketball referee in the Rec Plex.

Students are not the only ones who make use of the new Loyola Rec Plex facilities. Faculty and community athletes also fre quent the recreational center.

Dr. Jesse Nash, history and religious studies professor, runs between five and eight miles a day. He runs about five miles after leaving his office, and often returns to the Rec Plex later to

'un about three more.

Though the debut season of the ,oyola Recreational Sports Complex has been an apparent uccess, the year has not been ne without problems for the Rec ports Team.

As Andrew Nolan reported arly in the spring semester (*The Maroon*, Jan. 20), the center's ool was plagued with problems nd underwent repairs over the hristmas break.

The 250,000 gallon pool had een drained once already, and he problem still seems some- hing of a mystery to the Cabildo onstruction Company.

In his story, Nolan quoted raig Bogar, director of Recrea- ional Sports, as saying that usiness had not been slowed ny by the difficulty.

While many students make use f the sports complex facilities, ot everyone is happy with the new multimillion dollar facility.

"I hate all sports," snapped Kathy Conkright.

"It's a must," said Francis Mahfood. "It builds such unity, and this school needs unity!"

Suire is another strong supporter of intercollegiate athletics at Loyola, arguing that Loyola is the only Catholic school of any size in the South and is located in an exciting cultural center.

"Athletes would come from all over the South, and there are already many good athletes at Loyola," he said. "There are plenty of schools right here in New Orleans that Loyola could play."

For now, though, Suire and his allies will have to wait, content to enjoy intramural athletics and the new Recreational Sports Complex, as so many members of the Loyola community did in 1988. — Bob Cowser

LOYOLÆA · S.J.
IHS
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VNIVERSITAS
MCMXII

"If the university is to survive without simply being an appendage of the Department of Defense or the just as questionable corporate world, we need to discover or rediscover how to be self-critical and self-reflective."
Dr. Jesse W. Nash

"The establishment of the women's studies minor at Loyola will engender new enthusiasm, perspectives and intellectual ferment into our curriculum. It is a program which intersects with our lives, showing us that our academic work has meaning in helping us to know ourselves and making our world a more humane, caring and peaceful place in which to live and love and grow. Isn't that what our education should be all about?"

Dr. Nancy Anderson

"Students should leave here feeling that they're not separated from the community.
It would be a shame if they left Loyola without some idea of the poverty of the St. Thomas projects, or illiteracy, or injustice on our own campus."
Terri Poore, LUCAP vice chairwoman

Rapid change is a eature of ontemporary life. ducation should quip students to neet the rapid levelopments they vill encounter and hould enable them o make sound udgments as values ndergo constant crutiny. It is the radition of the ociety of Jesus to liscern what is good nd true in the novements of istory. Loyola ledges herself to ducate her students o meet change with quanimity, good udgment and, onstructive eadership."
oyola Goals tatement

Personal Points of View

Six students chronicle the year

•The night I called David Duke
•The day I killed my roommate's fish
•The night the boat sailed without the dancers

August

Thursday the 18th

The Republican National Convention ended tonight. It ran just this week, but for me it's been going on about nine weeks.

I've been working for A&A, the court reporters who provide me with a job during the school year. We had a contract to produce official transcripts of all the subcommittee meetings before the convention itself, and the actual convention proceedings in the Superdome.

For those nine weeks I averaged 14.5 hours a day scheduling 40 court reporters in hundreds of different meetings, writing a stylebook for them to use in preparing the transcripts and working out logistics.

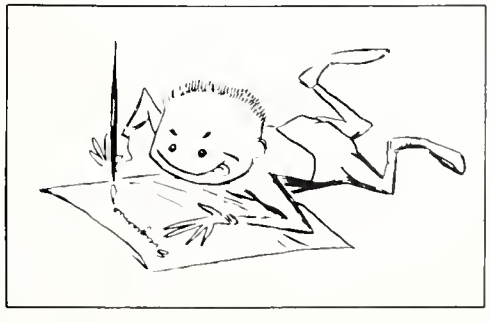
We turned out 11,500 pages of transcripts during the convention. About 10,000 of those were done overnight — an average turnaround time of about 18 hours.

Those nine weeks were a rush. I'm really proud of all the work I did. Everything went off almost without a hitch.

During the week of the convention itself in the Superdome my work for A&A was done and I went to work for the "MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour" — obviously a little closer to what I'm planning on doing after graduation.

I was photocopying scripts most of the time, but meeting lots of national news people.

I sat on the set with MacNeil and Lehrer for about 30 minutes as they set up their shots for the interviews they would do. They both said a broadcast journalist should write for a newspaper for several years before going into television to gain experience in getting all the facts and presenting them well.



Roger Mudd asked me and the other interns (about 15 of us) if we knew where he could buy some antique hinges for his window shutters at home. I didn't, but someone did.

I got to drive Judy Woodruff around for a day, and she even talked to me.

The RNC was an incredible media event — thousands of people and as many television cameras.

And it was a big waste of money. Eric worked for the Republicans themselves before, during and after the convention in the Dome; he said they spent $1 million on the podium.

They bulldozed it to the ground tonight as soon as the convention was over. — Tim Watson

Saturday the 20th

Today, it was time to move into the dorms. The summer is over, and I arrived at Loyola. The bags were in the car. Of

course, there were no carts to be found. How did Residential Life expect me to carry all my junk into their living facilities??

The rooms are nice compared to where my other friends live. It just aggravates me the nonsense they put you through. The carts were all checked out. I am glad to be back at Loyola, but stuff like that just makes me want to transfer. Finally, an empty cart was returned.

The elevator arrived. I felt like I had been downstairs waiting forever. After stopping on three, four, seven and eight, the elevator finally stopped on nine which would be my home for the next year.

I pulled the cart with my trunk and suitcase into the empty dorm room. My roommate had not arrived yet and so my stuff would have to fill the room in order to reduce the echo.

I put junk on the shelves, threw my comforter on the bed, and filled the closet with clothes. That took a few hours, but I wanted to finish so that I wouldn't have to worry about it later. — Dawn Visceglia

Tuesday the 23rd

Drop/add, what an interesting concept. You get to harass your adviser or else forget his name. I prefer the method of harassing my adviser; I like to see how many slips I can get him to sign.

Mr. Biguenet signed the slip this morning and then I got in the waiting line a half hour early. To my surprise a large line had already formed. A few minutes before noon, security arrived and the chatter among the students quieted.

The doors opened and the people scampered in to the various tables. Professors from each department were displayed behind the table with boxes of cards in front of them. The object was to stand in lines in front of the various departments where the desired classes were located.

The bad part was that I wanted classes from various departments which meant that I had to stand in a few lines and hope fate was on my side so that I would get the cards I needed. My luck seemed okay, because after waiting in the first line, I received the needed card for one class. I thought drop/add might work out.

But I thought too soon because as I approached the front of the second line the man was loudly saying the class I wanted was full.

Susan Bednar

I felt like I had been downstairs waiting forever. After stopping on three, four, seven and eight, the elevator finally stopped on nine which would be me home for the next year.

D.V.

Okay, now what was I goin to do? Officially, I was only er rolled in four classes and fou classes is not enough for a unemployed individual.

I thought about classes I ha considered in early registra tion. Were there any I coul possibly get into now? I didn care at this point and decide drop/add for money sounde like a good idea. — D.V.

september

Monday the 5th

Today was such a wor derful day, I though this would be the perfe time to start a new jou nal.

Fall came for just a da today. The air was cris and clean with none the regular ranci smells of New Orlean There was a soft breez blowing and the sun wa shining in a clear, blu sky.

The day ended peacefull hard to imagine it began at 8:3 a.m. with having to write u two people for visitation. Th scary part about writing the up was that I actually enjoye

ving that power. Not that I ally think I'll be going on me power trip or anything, t I can see how it can over-ke some people. — Susan dnar

Wednesday the 7th

Mary Stella and I sat up late st night trying to figure out e (of course, don't we al-ys?). We figured out that the ciety we live in doesn't allow to make mistakes. Everyone always telling us to make the ght" choice, in careers, love, d just about everything else. think I'm afraid to pick a ajor because I'm scared of oosing wrongly. I know I n be happy doing anything I mmit to, but I have to be sure vant to do it for the rest of my e. I don't want people to look me and say, "God, what a aste!" Mary Stella is probably ght when she says I don't ve or trust myself enough to ow myself to fail.

Mom called and really made y day. Isn't it funny how metimes mothers just know nen you need to hear from em?

She called to say that she had internship for me in a com-unications department of a nputer company for the mmer. I have to interview h them, but if I get the job, be working with brochures d newsletters, mostly. I n't be getting paid, but think the experience! — S.B.

Friday the 9th

attended a Greek Show here Loyola in Dixon Court. It's a nction where various black ternities and sororities exhib-pride in their particular ganization. They also dance, p, and good-naturedly "poke" n at other organizations.

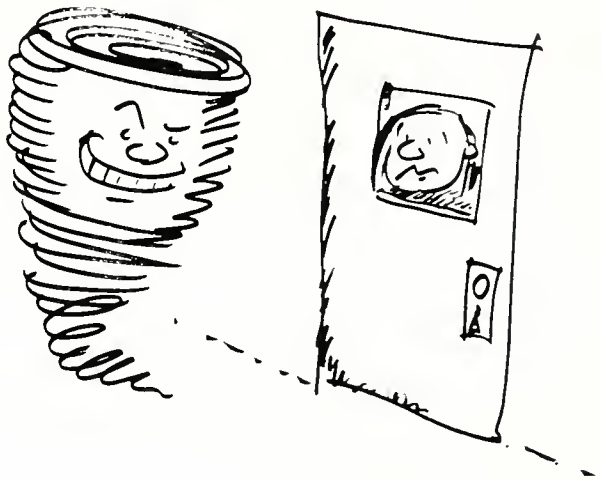
The show in Dixon Court was ry entertaining and all of the rformances were great. After the show there was a free party in the pub and my friends and I had lots of fun dancing through the night. — Melanie Smith

Everyone is going crazy around here because Hurricane Florence is threatening to hit N.O.

I was supposed to go to Biloxi, Mississippi, this weekend for my weekend off, but now they won't let any of the R.A.'s leave. They had to lock the doors tonight at 7:30 so people would find somewhere safe, either here or in some apartment. So, I sit here bored to tears watching some stupid movie on T.V. — S.B.

Wednesday the 14th

Argaly! Hurricane Gilbert has decided to terrorize Jamaica and several other islands. It's threatening to hit here, but it seems to be on a course for Brownsville, TX. I really don't see any reason to be concerned! After all, Buddig is a fortress. Nothing can get us in here! (I certainly hope these aren't famous last words!)



It looks like I won't get this weekend off either. — S.B.

Tuesday the 20th

I CAN'T BREATHE!!! I feel like my entire head is going to explode! Especially right through my nasal cavity! I'm going to take some Comtrex tonight — I hope to God it works! — S.B.

Monday the 26th

Lisa Benston called last night — The call from Hell!!

I was so upset after I hung up with Lisa that I paced up and down crying very hard, but trying not to make any sounds. I wanted to talk to someone, but no one was around.

After I calmed down, residents came in so I unloaded on them. Talk about role reversal! I'm supposed to comfort them, not the other way around.

Lisa called to tell me that Pat Reedy and Ray Hammond and this girl Jennifer were in a car accident last Wednesday.

Pat swerved to avoid a deer and Jennifer grabbed the steering wheel. The car flipped over and all three were thrown (obviously no seat belts!).

Pat and Ray are bruised but nothing very serious, but Jennifer died. It's hard for me to deal with this since I'm here and they are in Houston. Pat is having major guilt problems, even though it wasn't really his fault.

This year I realize how many things I have been missing the past years — death, bad relationships, rape, and more arguments than anyone should have to handle. Boy, I sure wish I could just ignore everything again! — S.B.

Tuesday the 27th

Welcome to broadcasting hell. Three times now I've checked out a video camera from the communications production office to do a shoot, and each time something's been

wrong with the equipment.

The machine eats videotape. It's too humid outside for the electronics and the machine shuts down. The batteries are dead.

They should put a disclaimer in the Loyola catalog: Batteries not included. — T.W.

Thursday the 29th

I was in a school burnout phase and avoiding homework, so I went down the hallway to talk to Missy Soldani. That was a couple of days ago, but I still think about the conversation we had.

Lack of motivation; that was my problem. Missy told me to find a mentor-type person; it seemed to her having a person around who has high expectations of her academic performance made her work harder. I didn't take her too seriously.

But as the down period lengthened, I was desperate to try anything...well, almost. Missy was motivated so I decided that I would have to go out and find a mentor to call my own.

Today I found her and I was not even looking. I was in her office, and we were talking about one of my papers. As she criticized the essay and made suggestions about how to rewrite it, I knew she would push me to achieve my potential, but that I could do it.

It meant a lot to me to find a person who I respected and who also had faith in my ability. Her disposition would hide the large demands she would be helping me to make on myself.

Well, I think I have found someone who cares about my progress enough to be disappointed in my laziness and proud of my accomplishments. I feel motivated and, well, almost excited. — D.V.

october

Monday the 11th

When I went to Fr. Schroth's class yesterday, Stephanie told me that the retarded man I saw Saturday by the shacks at the levee has a history of attacking women who jog along the trail. Wonderful!

Fr. Schroth said we had to return to the place that we had described and get its history, but now I'm scared! He gave me an "excellent" on my notes about the place, so there's a lot of pressure to write a good paper. — S.B.

Sunday the 16th

I will never understand them. The entire male population is screwed in the head!!! — S.B.

After the [oozeball] game, they decided that I was not muddy enough, so they threw me kicking and screaming back into the mud.

S.B.

Monday the 17th

Yesterday, our floor played Oozeball (volleyball in the mud) in City Park. I swore I was not going to play, but my floor decided that I should. They threw me in the mud — yuck!

The mud was mostly clay so when I stepped in it, it grabbed my shoes. Since I was already muddy, I decided to play, and I actually got a point! We ended up losing badly, but we still had fun.

After the game they decided that I was not muddy enough, so they threw me kicking and screaming back into the mud. But no, they were still not finished! They turned me over, then they rubbed my face in the mud. Everything — my ha face, ears, nose, mouth — v caked in mud.

I rinsed off at the shelter, b even after doing that, whe got home and took a showe stopped up the drain with t mud that was still on me! was a good thing I had fu — S.B.

Monday the 24th

Early morning classes a the worst. It was once aga the typical "run to class" sy drome. It is not that I do mind running for those few tra minutes of sleep. But tod was horrible; after getting m self together, I waited for wh seemed like eternity for the e vator. Why couldn't I ha lived closer to the ground ther than on the ninth flo The elevator must have stopp on every floor.

I was doing okay thou because I still had two minu before class. My pace qui ened because I feared Henricksen would say, "If y are not going to make it to cla on time, don't bother comin I didn't want to hear that this fine Monday morning.

I almost collided with An Easterling and then my advi as I ran through the Dan Center. Why don't they ha unwritten laws that dictate person practically running class has the right of way?

Suddenly, I heard my na called. What does she want??

"We don't have class," t voice yelled.

I wasn't annoyed that cla was cancelled even though was 8:30 in the morning. was just that I had worked hard to get there close to time. — D.V.

Wednesday the 26th

I went to Winn-Dixie for g ceries yesterday and I met fo people on the way home.

uess I looked pretty athetic because every-ne kept offering to help arry my groceries. Of ourse, I took their help! These two guys from ew York helped me to ne streetcar stop vhich was a few stops own because they were epairing the line), then woman helped me to ne Danna Center, a eshman named Joe elped until Buddig and aren Greene helped e up to the sixth floor. was great! — S.B.

hursday the 27th

:04 a.m.
Driving to the printer ith *The Maroon*, we got opped by a cop on St. harles Avenue for oing 47 m.p.h.
Driver, step out of the ar."
get out. The police-an has his hand on his un, ready to shoot a runk driver who is just ming from Fat Harry's and is pping down St. Charles and is oking to attack a cop.
'Son, do you know how fast u were going?"
'No, sir."
'Do you know what the speed mit is on this road?"
'No, sir."
'It's 35 and you were doing . Have you been drinking?"
'No, sir, I've been at Loyola niversity all day and all night tting together a newspaper. n trying to get it to the print-downtown."
Bright lights in my eyes.
'Are you sure you haven't en drinking?"
'Yes, sir, I've been putting gether a newspaper."
'All right, then, on your ay."
Wow — a New Orleans cop t a male under age 25 go in the middle of the night without writing him a ticket. — T.W.

Kathy Bambrick

Friday the 28th

They had a segment on abortion on "20/20" tonight. Oooh! Fundamentalists make me *so* angry!! "*All* abortions are wrong!" Even if a twelve-year-old girl's pelvis will break and she and the baby will die if she brings the baby to term; even if her father raped her!

Don't they know that abortions will go on and have gone on for centuries? It's just a question of whether it will go on in hospitals by qualified doctors, or on the back streets with dirty knives and coat hangers, resulting in sterility and sometimes death for both the mother and the baby.

I would like to think I would never have an abortion, but if put in the situation I really don't know what I would do. The choices in this society are not very good. — S.B.

Sunday the 30th

Three Loyola freshmen have been killed in the last three weeks, two in car accidents (drag racing and speeding) and one by a falling vending machine. Bizarre. — T.W.

Monday the 31st

Sunday, Marc Waidner, the freshman who had the vending machine fall on him, died. It was such a freak accident, and that makes it that much harder to deal with. — S.B.

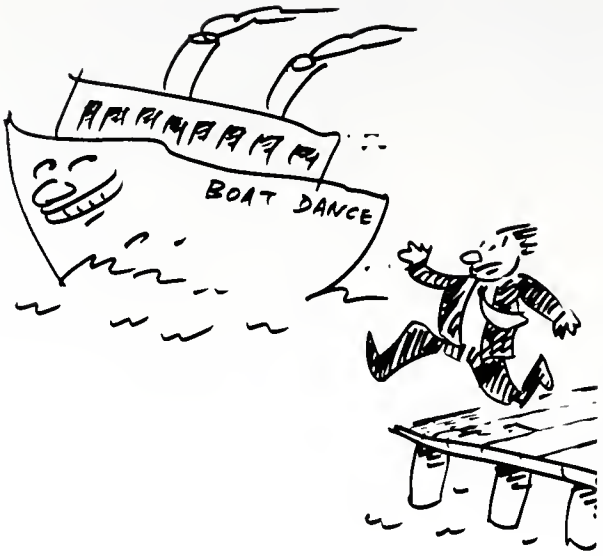
Halloween. Now, that was fun. The Gang got dressed up and went down to the Quarter, which I think is the most fun on this particular holiday.

I wore torn, bloody blue jeans and carried a hatchet. My right eyeball had come out of its socket and was hanging down to about the level of my upper lip. The socket was cut and bloody and infected.

We tramped all over the place and finally ended up at the Blue Crystal, a bar that offers anything that anyone could ever want. — T.W.

I wore torn, bloody blue jeans and carried a hatchet. My right eyeball had come out of its socket and was hanging down to about the level of my upper lip.

T.W.



november

Thursday the 3rd

John, the kid I tutor, is getting sick of New Orleans. He's from Washington, D.C.

He asked if I would loan him $100 so he could catch a bus home. I told him no, that if he really wanted to go home, he could find a way. — T.W.

Friday the 4th

I went to Tulane's porn flick tonight — yes, me! It wasn't really disgusting or anything; I wasn't even embarrassed, but the movie was just horrible.

It was a cut-rate sci-fi film called *Flesh Gordon*; I guess they figured the best way to get an audience was to make it rated X.

Basically, Gordon was trying to save the world from Wang the Perverted's sex ray, with the help of Flexi Jerkoff.

Anita talked me into going, and we were two of the few who actually stayed to the end.

Now I can say, yes, I have seen a porn film. Wow! What an honor! — S.B.

Monday the 7th

My birthd[illegible] This was one of those days w[illegible] everything you touch turns [illegible]! — sort of the reverse Midas touch. I should have stayed in bed or stayed in the shower all day or at least stayed at home. — T.W.

Tuesday the 8th

Election '88.

Let's see. He lost. At least I voted, and I tried not to lose faith until the absolute end.

But what a rush anyway! I'll probably always remember #44 Newcomb Blvd. (the address of my first polling place). And I'll just pray that Bush doesn't get seriously ill, or even worse, DIE. Then my children will have to contend with an airhead AND a worthless administration. — Kathy Bambrick

Thursday the 10th

John got himself kicked out of school and told his uncle he hated New Orleans. His uncle put him on the bus, and he went home.

I think I'll quit tutoring for a while. — T.W.

Tuesday the 15th

I opened my mailbox and a blue package slip was inside.

I picked up the box after class, and to my surprise my family had actually sent me some homemade cookies. I had been asking for cookies all semester, and they had finally come through.

I was self-conscious about carrying around a tin of cookies, but who was I trying to impress?

Everything was fine until I arrived in my room. Renee took some cookies, and as she was handing the tin back with the top still open, it fell to the floor and crumbs went flying. I know she felt bad because I had been talking about wanting cookies for weeks.

As I picked up the pieces t[illegible] I would risk eating, I could [illegible] help laughing. — D.V.

Saturday the 19th

The day after the night.

Well, last night was the riv[illegible] boat dance. I went with a b[illegible] tender from O'Henry's. I gu[illegible] that's a step up from the [illegible] male stripper.

Anyway, Jim was a gre[illegible] date. I had a lot of fun althou[illegible] we did only dance to two son[illegible] We spent a lot of the time ta[illegible] ing out on the top deck. T[illegible] weather was perfect.

But the best thing was th[illegible] we weren't two of the 100 or [illegible] people who were left standi[illegible] on the dock! Only at Loyola.

After the boat, we went [illegible] O'Henry's and drank for fre[illegible] Jim got behind the bar a[illegible] made shots for everyone, th[illegible] we really went dancing at A[illegible] 2's. I really fit in well wearin[illegible] my raw silk dress.

Next we hit F&M's. OOPS [illegible] but not before Jim gave me m[illegible] present: A red clay potte[illegible] planter which he "borrowe[illegible] from someone's front stoo[illegible] Sigh.

One year ago today — Will[illegible] Pappas was shot and killed. [illegible] can't believe he's gone. The[illegible] had a brief note in *The Maroo*[illegible] about the trial and lawsu[illegible] which his wife and son a[illegible] pursuing.

He never even knew his so[illegible] It's just not fair. He was such [illegible] good man. I still believe that [illegible] it wasn't for him, I wouldn't b[illegible] here right now. He's the on[illegible] who called me at 10:00 p.m. on[illegible] night to tell me that I had re[illegible] ceived the scholarship we ha[illegible] both worked so hard to get.

He was my first friend her[illegible] at Loyola. And that day whe[illegible] he told me he was leaving, tak[illegible] ing a better job at Delgado, [illegible] cried. He really cared. And th[illegible] day I heard he had been killed[illegible] I just hope he had known ho[illegible]

nuch I cared, too. — K.B.

Sunday the 20th

I went to Lisa Waddick's confirmation tonight. Angel Anin, Cristela, Jim Lane, Gus Perez, Stacie Odom, and a few others were getting confirmed, also. It was also Angel's First Communion; I was so happy or her.

It's neat seeing people who re getting something out of hurch, because right now I'm ot. I go and it seems like so nuch BS, and I just don't aree with so much that they ay. I like the masses much etter here than at home, beause at least they try to speak n our level here. — S.B.

Thursday the 24th

Happy Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving must be my least avorite holiday of the year. Relatives pinching your cheeks My how you've grown; why, I emember when you were just tiny baby!), food pushed in our face, and football, football, nd more football. Oh well, at east it's over.

Yesterday, for my parents' wenty-fifth anniversary, Mom rented a champagne-colored Porsche 911 convertible for Dad. He was so shocked! Barry told him they had bought it for him, and I thought Dad was going to faint. — S.B.

It's neat seeing people who are getting something out of church, because right now I'm not. I go and it seems like so much BS, and I just don't agree with so much that they say.

S.B.

Sunday the 27th

Thanksgiving holidays. I cooked dinner for my parents and three friends from school — Andrew, Hank and Mickey — Thanksgiving day, then went to visit my old high school friend Greg.

Of course, as is tradition, I had a couple of papers to work on. Every year I say I'm going to write them before the holiday and every year I don't.

Melanie Smith

Well, I hope Greg didn't mind me hogging his computer the whole weekend. We got to visit for a few minutes, anyway. — T.W.

Tuesday the 29th

Sometimes, I really wish there would be a race riot on this campus. Blacks against whites; with people beating on each other, fists flying, blood coming from broken noses and lips.

A riot where they might have to call in the police to break it up, people might have to be hospitalized, and T.V. cameras might be pushed in people's faces. Maybe then people would realize there really is a problem on this campus.

I went to the Racism 101 program last night and I don't really think it did any good, but I guess it did promote awareness. — S.B.

The day Durga almost died.

Today I turned in my 19-page religion paper for Sheridan's class. The topic: The Goddess of Hinduism. I finally decided that *she* was Durga. I was so proud of myself; I took 26 pages of notes — ahead of time, no less. I even finished typing my paper around 9:30 p.m. Of course, it was around midnight when I finished the bibliography and endnotes.

Ugh. I really hate the day after you come back from Thanksgiving Break. I always seem to have a major paper due. And of course Thanksgiving is the one time a year that I get to see Mike, Jeannie, and the kids.

And they expect me to research and write about some non-existent goddess!

I went to the Boot with Michelle McClure tonight. We thought we deserved a beer or three after that paper. We each ended up having a pitcher.

I can't believe we have only 5 days of classes left. And I still have to write a paper on Kierkegaard. I also just found out that Schroth's Great Journalists course has been axed. I suppose I'll go through the hell of add/drop now. I think I'll take feature writing with Dave Snyder. That'll be fun.

Of course, that does mean another semester of a night class. But hey, what is a "free night" anyway? — K.B.

Wednesday the 30th

When Laura Wallace and I drove into the parking lot from the airport, Lisa Waddick was outside and tears were running down her face. She barely choked out the words, "My sister, Karen, was in a plane crash on the way back to school. She's d-d-dead." I was so shocked. I couldn't believe it.

Laura and I had joked on the way home that we hoped the plane would crash so we wouldn't have to take finals. This really hit me hard. I started thinking what it would be like to lose a brother or sister, and I couldn't begin to comprehend what it would be like.

I came back to my room, and I tried to unpack, but I ended up crying. — S.B.

december

Thursday the 1st

I picked up my class confirmation today. I was *so* angry! I got all my classes except the two I really wanted and needed for my major! I am already so far behind, and I can't do anything until I get the beginning level classes out of the way. Aargh! — S.B.

Friday the 2nd

It's a Friday, doo dah, doo dah.

I went to lunch with Laura, Gwendo and Sam. We dined at the racetrack. Boy, was that an experience. I guess I'm not a betting novice anymore. It was a lot of fun.

We had a coupon from *The Maroon* for free parking and admission to the clubhouse. If it wasn't for that, then I'd be out of that much more money.

But before I get into that subject...we really got the VIP treatment because we got kind of ticked when they acted like our coupon wasn't valid.

They gave us free tip sheets, free racing forms, and lots of attention. It's amazing to me that so many people do this on a regular basis. We ended up staying for six races.

It is near finals and I am going crazy! There is so much to do and so little time. I can't remember the semester ever ending so early. It seems that every minute is spent striving to catch up and I am still behind in the work.

M.S.

Okay. So it's a tad addictive. I didn't expect our lunch to last for four and a half hours, but it did. It was a pretty nice buffet. Little did we know that it cost around 20 bucks per person. Yes, the bill of $80.81 did come as a bit of a surprise to all of us. But fun was had by all.

I even won a couple times. In the end, though, I had lost about $8. — K.B.

Tuesday the 6th

I went to the Candlelight Christmas Mass in the Quad tonight. It was beautiful, even though it was a bit chilly.

Martha Carr, John Barrett, Yvette Vezina, and Brian Pelcin gave little mini-sermons (what Christmas means them. Most of the stuff th said had to do with death ar tragedy in the family. The a was charged. — S.B.

Thursday the 8th

It is near finals and I am g ing crazy! There is so much do and so little time. I can't r member the semester ever en ing so early. It seems that e ery minute is spent striving catch up and I am still behin in the work.

There are numerous book and articles to read, papers write, and oral presentations give. Finally, after all of this done, there are still finals study for. I will be very happ when it is all over. — M.S.

Saturday the 10th

I hate weekend R.A. duty! feel like an animal cooped u in this room from 5:00 p.m Saturday until 5:00 p.m. Sun day. And I get to the poin where I just don't want to d anything.

I was so stressed the firs part of this week that I don' know what to do anymore. just don't care about finals o anything.

They've determined that ap proximately 45,000 people hav died in the earthquake at Ar menia in Russia. There are al so thousands more who nee medical help, and many peopl may still be trapped in th rubble.

This is the first time th Soviets have actually *asked* fo help from other countries, an people are giving it. — S.B.

Sunday the 25th

Christmas. I was in Mobile at my Dad's house on Dog River; it would be more appropriately called Dog Stream. It was 80° and we had a few glasses of wine and watched kids

vho got water skis for Christ-nas try them out. It's sup-posed to be cold on Christmas. Vou're not supposed to go wa-er skiing. — T.W.

Monday the 26th

This was the third Christmas vithout my parents and I could iot help but wonder how life vould have been different if hey were alive today, but I also nissed them.

Parents are supposed to die efore their children, but why lid they leave my sister and me efore we even graduated from igh school?

Today was a day when I was ngry about the unfairness of ife. As I sat in my room in the larkness, the tears ran down ny cheek as I remembered.

It just wasn't fair, especially vhen there are so many eople who don't even ppreciate what they ave. I felt their absence n my life as I remem-ered being young with o responsibilities, but ow everything had hanged. Would they be roud of me? — D.V.

Wednesday the 28th

I cleaned out our aqua-ium today; the algae vas getting pretty bad. t's really my roommate Ray's aquarium and the ish belonged to him.

When I finished there was vater all over the floor and the ookcase that the tank sits on. But the tank looked great. The nly problem was with the fish – they were all dead. I guess vhile cleaning the tank itself I ut the fish in some water that thought was safe; obviously, it vasn't.

Ray was pretty mad. I hought about offering to cook upper, but the only thing we ad in the freezer was fish. We rdered pizza. — T.W.

January

Wednesday the 11th

Had I not chosen to spend the semester abroad, I suppose I would be starting school today. However, as it is, I am still at home in Nashville and the reality of the closeness of my trip to Britain is really starting to hit me.

I may as well start off this, my first entry, by stating exactly what I will be doing. I am going to London to work in the House of Commons for a British Member of Parliament and to take some classes.

Tomorrow I will get my airline ticket and Friday I shall pack. I am scheduled to leave on Sunday. — John O'Gorman

Oh, no! Here we go again; the first day of spring semester.

The long lines of the bookstore await me. It feels like eternity standing here with 50 pounds of books weighing me down. Oh, well, no use in indulging in self-pity.

As I look around at all of the other students, they bear a significant resemblance to Atlas engaged in his burden of holding up the sky.

Suddenly I realize Loyola's formation of the future. The only question is whether it's a future of intellectuals or hernia sufferers. — M.S.

Monday the 16th

I am on my non-stop flight from St. Louis to London Gatwick and at present I am somewhere over the Atlantic and depending on what time zone I am in, it is either late Sunday or early Monday. I am already dead tired of reading about British politics and am now much more interested in experiencing it. — J.O.

Tuesday the 17th

Have arrived, and slept, and met some people who are in my program, and then slept some more. This jetlag thing is really getting to me. I should be over it soon.

I don't meet the M.P. with whom I will work until next week, so this whole week we are looking for a flat. Today's prospects were rather disheartening, but it was only the first day. Flat rates are quite expensive here; the program expects us to pay about £55 ($100) per week. — J.O.

Wednesday the 18th

Well, I feel like I should be doing something besides writing this journal. I've been back to school for a week now. Classes are going well, I suppose.

I think I'm going to go to sleep early tonight. Yeah. I'll just crawl into my Pooh flannel sheets and snuggle up with my "Land Before Time" dinosaur, Eli Barnabus. Just think, only 11 hours til my scriptural theology class... — K.B.

Thursday the 19th

Tomorrow, my first article for *The Maroon* comes out, a review of *The Accidental Tourist*. I'm very excited about it; it's the first thing I've had published. I know it's not really much, but it's a rush to see your name in print, no matter

what the article is about. — S.B.

Friday the 20th

Well, found a place to call home. It's a rather inexpensive flat for four people and we decided to make it a lot more inexpensive with five. It's a kind of cozy arrangement, but it should be fun. The place is in the center of London in a very happening spot. — J.O.

I had a dream.

But it wasn't a dream! I'm going to England this summer! I can't believe it. When I heard my answering machine going off this morning I thought I was imagining those words. My mom was talking about how she was going to give it a shot. I must have listened to that message at least 50 times already.

Y'know, my parents are really wonderful. I know I'll have to work my butt off for two months so I will be able to afford it, but it's worth it. Now I might even be able to graduate a semester early. AND I GET TO GO TO PARIS!!!

I know only one of the other people from Loyola who's going — Kelly. We'll knock Europe on its ear. I hope my parents don't hate me. Geez, just think of all the experience, all of the impressions.

Okay. Someone can wake me up now. — K.B.

Saturday the 21st

Sam.

My room is a little warmer today. Sam finally moved in. I think we'll get along quite well. Everyone else seems kind of skeptical, but I don't understand why. We may be different, but I think it's the opposition that makes something work.

She's southern, I'm northern;...she's Bruce Springsteen, I'm Bono; she's blue, I'm teal; she's broadcast production, I'm broadcast journalism.

K.B.

For instance, she's southern, I'm northern; she's cows, I'm bears; she's Bruce Springsteen, I'm Bono; she's blue, I'm teal; she's broadcast production, I'm broadcast journalism; she's sports, I'm acting and singing. The list goes on. At least we both drink Diet Coke. — K.B.

Tim Watson

Tuesday the 24th

At 6:00 this morning, Te Bundy was killed. In my min he deserved it. I know, wha good does killing someone do t show that killing is wrong?

Well, when a dog bites a pe son, it is usually "put to sleep If a person kills another pe son, especially killing as man people as Ted Bundy did, the become inhuman; they becom an animal and they too shoul be "put to sleep." — S.B.

Wednesday the 25th

Today I met my M.P., Georg Howarth, who is a Labour Pa ty member from the Liverpoo area. I will work for him some but I have also been assigned t work for Stephen Slater, wh works for the Electrical Electronic, Telecommu nication and Plumbing Union (EETPU or, a Stephen likes to say "flash and flush"). — J.O.

Friday the 27th

Tonight I have come out to see the Cleopatra parade. I see all of the people walk back and forth in the streets with looks of joy on their faces.

The first float has finally arrived and beads are flying everywhere. Strangely, it isn't beads I want. Like everyone else, I want a cup.

A float comes along and all of the people are yelling for cups. The guy on the float responds to the requests and lets a cup fly through the air. It goes to the ground and people scramble for the prize. We all know only one person will be victorious. The question is,

"Who will that person be?"

Fortune has smiled on *me*; I jump up in excitement with a cup bearing Cleopatra's picture and dance happily from side to side. — M.S.

Sunday the 29th

Mardi Gras begins for me.

"Hey, throw me somethin' NOW!!!" Okay. So I go to my first parade today with Joey, his friend Herb, and Laura. I'm desperately trying to get some goods without completely embarrassing myself and here's Laura raking in the beads and the cups and the yo-yo's. They look at me and give the stuff to HER.

I dealt blackjack tonight, too. This time we were at the Intercontinental Hotel. Boy, oh, boy. There were at least 450 people, all of whom were car dealers. It was a lot of fun.

Geez. Look at what college has made me do: Dealing for an Education — no, better yet: Gambling for Grades. — K.B.

Monday the 30th

Things are finally starting to fall into place in the wonderful world of video. — T.W.

I'm Kathleen Bambrick.

Yeah, buddy. Today marked the first step of my career as a Broadcast Journalist. So maybe a total of 15 people heard me read the news on WLDC-AM, but it's the principle. I actually did it.

Of course, it did have its "problems," but I didn't even know what I was doing! But now that I *have* done it, I feel more secure in striving for further goals. Look out world, here I come! — K.B.

I just saw a jazz band that played remarkably good Dixieland...the drummer...told me that he has always wanted to go to New Orleans, but he thought he would have a more difficult time making it there.

J.O.

february

Thursday the 2nd

Today, I got to see Margaret Thatcher speak during Prime Minister's Question time. It is amazing how close you can get to all the leaders of the house, including her, as compared to the distance that U.S. politicians keep. — J.O.

The week was finally over for me. I figured I'd bag classes on Friday and escape from New Orleans for Mardi Gras. Yes, I realized I had only been in classes for a little longer than three weeks, but a lot in my life changed in those weeks. I was ready to escape from Loyola.

The plane finally took off, but 45 minutes into the flight the pilot said, "Sorry, folks, we are having difficulty pressurizing the cabin so we're going back to New Orleans."

I felt like it was an omen telling me that I would be trapped in New Orleans for Mardi Gras.

When we landed in New Orleans, the pilot told us we could deplane and that we would be on the ground for about 40 minutes.

Ten minutes passed and we reboarded. I was finally going home. — D.V.

Saturday the 4th

It's Saturday night and the largest Carnival Krewe of New Orleans is rolling. Yes, I've been waiting for the Krewe of Endymion to rule the streets of the city. What I didn't anticipate is what happened on this special night.

My friends and I have planned a while for this night. The weather was perfect when we made the plans, but we didn't think that a cold front would come down from Alaska for the parade also.

So here we are walking down the street headed for the stands in Lee Circle. I'm really excited because I've never sat in the stands before.

Finally we reach them and it's pretty early so we wait a while for the parade. Everyone seems to have a profound look of boredom on their faces.

But the NOPD has the perfect "pick-me-up." A gang of officers walks down the street sporting pig snouts. The crowd bursts into laughter and the cops love the attention, even though they pretend that they don't.

But the boredom returned and rain begins to fall — COLD RAIN! I feel like an icicle. Yet I stay here waiting for the parade.

As a psychology minor I ponder the situation: "Am I crazy, are all of the people out here crazy?" We risk our health and brave the elements to catch a trinket.

No, I don't think New Orleanians are crazy in a psychological sense. Just crazy about having a good time. — M.S.

Sunday the 5th

I just got back from seeing a jazz band that played remarkably good Dixieland. I was talking to the drummer who told me that he has always wanted to go to New Orleans, but he thought he would have a more difficult time making it there. — J.O.

Tuesday the 7th

My Mardi Gras here was just not the same as spending it in New Orleans. Actually, to no

great surprise, nothing at all happened.

I did have a busy day at work having to meet with a couple of lobbying groups, but actually that is pretty fun because you usually can get a good lunch off one of them.

I saw my first show since I got here. It was *The Secret of Sherlock Holmes*, but it was not as good as I hoped. It was more of an examination of the psychology of Sherlock Holmes and a look into his drug habit. — J.O.

Mardi Gras. The best adjective to describe Mardi Gras this year is *cold*.

I went out at about 8:00 a.m. dressed as Ed Grimley with egg whites in my hair to keep a nice little Ed-like spike and, of course, a triangle in my hand. I shaped it from a clothes hanger and I'm proud of it. It even had a bit of a ring to it, though no bandleader would be satisfied.

I wore a thousand pounds of clothing (no hat, though; the egg-whites peak wouldn't allow it). It didn't matter; I still froze.

Around lunch time The Gang finally gave up, ran home, had some soup and fell asleep next to the heater. I woke up; we went to the last parade and then to a movie.

It was 40° outside and the air-conditioning was on in the theater. My mom always said to wear a coat to the movies, that it was always cold. She was right. — T.W.

I still can't believe I did this. I called David Duke, the former Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan who is now running for District 81's House of Representatives seat.

He's running for public office and is very controversial, yet he answers his own phone even at 11:00 p.m. That's strange.

Anyway, the reason I called in the first place was that Duke's and the KKK's address in Metairie are the same in the phone book. He said the phone was never answered anymore, and next year's listing will be changed. OK, right. Next question.

Duke said he would offer incentives to families (more precisely, girls) who "used good judgment" or who "showed responsibility" by not having many children.

Well, maybe that could work, but I question some of the statistics he uses.

The problem with this man is that sometimes he makes sense. If you didn't know about his background with the KKK and with the Nazi party, some of his programs might make sense. We just can't be sure what he would do in office once he got some power.

The last thing he said to me was, "Call me back after I win." Oooh — shivers. — S.B.

Driving in Great Britain

Sunday the 12th

I have started to hit the art galleries and have enjoyed those. It is shocking to see the famous paintings that you thought were so famous that they would be reprinted in books. — J.O.

Monday the 13th

Today I battled the dinosaur 1983 video graphics computer that Loyola owns.

As usual, the school has no money to upgrade so we're stuck with a machine that is rather unfriendly and generally gives no clue about what it's doing. — T.W.

Tuesday the 14th

I've had some time off which has given me more time to go see more galleries and to find the British Museum. It is somewhat Britain's attic and contains a full mixture of everything from the Magna Carta to Egyptian mummies. — J.O.

Valentine's Day! WHAT A BOGUS CONCEPT! Today turned out to be decent but not in the normal idea of Valentine's Day.

This morning at about 10:00 I declared my major — moved from the general studies category to the contracted major category. Finally the stress is over. Loyola's first contracted writing major and economics minor. I have direction, and it is official.

As the day progressed, I told almost everyone who knew I was a lost general studies student that I had finally declared. They really didn't care but to me it was a significant change even though I have known for a while this is what I want to do.

Late afternoon arrived, and I started to wonder what my new conflict could be. I had this one for a long time, and it was actually scary to say goodbye to it. I was no longer a general studies student but, for now, Loyola's only writing major. — D.V.

Wednesday the 15th

I arrived in Wales and it is quite quaint. Most signs are in both Welsh and English.

I am staying with some Labour supporters who live in the woods outside a small village which is outside of the main town, which is very small itself. In other words, there is nothing around. — J.O.

Thursday the 16th

I'm finally twenty.

I didn't think I'd ever get out of that horrible stage of life called teenhood. But I made it. I'm a score old. Wow. And I sit here at my word processor smelling the wonderful cake my parents had delivered. "Happy Birthday, Bear." I know Dad said to put that on it.

went out...dressed as Ed Grimley with egg whites in my hair to keep a nice little Ed-like spike and, of course, a triangle in my hand.

T.W.

A dozen red roses left from Valentine's Day, a cake from Mur, birthday notes on the door, cards lined up on the shelf, little gifts from home. All of this for me...750 miles away from home. Boy, what a rush to feel loved, y'know?

Probably one of the best presents is that Heather, my best friend, called yesterday (a miracle in itself) to tell me that she's coming down for her Spring Break! Now she'll get to experience all of the stuff I've tried to explain to her. She'll get to meet all of my friends and "family" here. She'll get to live my life here. I'm SO excited.

Life is fine right now.

I have a lot to be thankful for.

Thanks, everyone. — K.B.

Friday the 17th

Well, today I had my first experience with video tape editing. So far it's going okay, but time consuming — the four hours I spent today netted about 75 seconds of completed tape. Things will go a lot faster once I'm confident with the machine and learn how to treat it: Oh, great Sony. All praise Sony. — T.W.

Y'know. Give me that good old Midwestern weather, dude. I love it. I don't think I could live in the South forever because I miss the change of seasons too much. Call me crazy but there's nothing like being able to see your breath. And there are actually people who have never made a snow angel here. — K.B.

Saturday the 18th

I have been leafleting and campaigning for the Labour candidate, Kim Howell. Every time I have seen him his hand has been attached to someone else's.

I had a good time yesterday after one person said that she was going to need me to drive. It was quite an experience; not only did I not know the area, but half the signs I could not read and the steering wheel is on the wrong side of the car. I am also supposed to drive on the wrong side of the road.

I did not die, but I thought I was going to. — J.O.

Sunday the 19th

David Duke won a state representative position in Metairie yesterday by getting 50.7 percent of the vote. Once again Louisiana has embarrassed itself nationally.

Andrew, Mickey, Thom and I covered the election for *The Maroon* and we went out to Metairie to Duke's headquarters to observe the "festivities." Most of the supporters were older white people.

White *trash*, mostly. "Duke, Duke, Duke," they screamed.

I saw two friends of mine supporting Duke and suddenly got the urge to just vomit. They aren't all that close to me, but I thought I knew them better than that.

Well, I certainly will not be getting to know them any better now. — T.W.

Tuesday the 21st

Well, after over a month's dry spell, I finally have gotten mail from New Orleans. I was starting to believe that the place had fallen into the Gulf prematurely.

My work life has been chaotic for the last two days because I have been running around helping defense people get stuff on the military base that just got bombed by the IRA. — J.O.

Tuesday the 28th

Today was my first meeting with Blue Key Honor Fraternity. The only problem was that they scheduled the meeting at 12:30 p.m., and I had to leave for tutoring at 12:45 p.m.

I started my writing tutor job at S.B. Wright Middle School today. Last Thursday, we met the kids we are tutoring, and this was our first day of officially teaching. My kids' names are Melissa, Kendra, Brensann, Trinice, and LaQuanda.

They are really cute, and I think I'm going to enjoy teaching them. The only problem is that I'm not sure how much I can do. A couple of the girls are very behind in reading, and I'm not sure how far back I need to go to make them understand.

I found out later that these kids had been randomly selected in a computer as a control group. The goal is to see if

tutoring raises the scores on a standardized test these kids must take. This means that the kids I am tutoring are not necessarily the ones who have trouble reading. That scares me, because it means that probably the entire sixth grade cannot read very well.

I figure at least I can't really hurt these kids; the more reading they do, the better. — S.B.

march

Friday the 3rd

Life.

It seems so strange that a day that started off with such a good tone can be marred by two separate yet equally terrible events. Today Heather comes to visit. I'm so excited and caught up in it.

As I was walking back from poli-sci this morning, I saw the person who became my second friend at Loyola — my liaison. I hadn't seen him in awhile. I stopped, chatted, and then he told me something he thought I probably already knew — his father had just died a few weeks ago.

Geez. All I wanted to do was hug him and tell him everything would be okay. But no divine inspiration came to me. There I stood, realizing that so many things in life are insignificant.

When I got back to my room I opened *The Maroon* and there was an update on the trial of Willie Pappas' killer. I couldn't believe what I saw. That man had been acquitted on an insanity plea!!

That's it? That's all?! A man, my first friend at Loyola, loses his life because of someone else's selfish motives. It just doesn't seem fair. But my mom always told me that life isn't fair.

Sorry, mom, it still hurts. A lot. — K.B.

Helen Hempstead and I went to a Hungarian film at the Film Buffs Institute. Why not? A cultural experience and for free. Since I haven't seen very many foreign films, I still am not sure if I liked it.

I enjoyed reading the subtitles through the heads blocking the screen, but I just didn't understand the significance of segments that were black and white. The director was at the screening and said there was no significance — WEIRD.

The audience seemed to like it, but I can't help but remember the two people behind me that were sleeping. — D.V.

Sunday the 5th

Sam and I shot our chase scene for Prod I today at Storyland in City Park.

The completed project should be about five minutes long. I guess this is the most ambitious video project I have undertaken as of yet. All went well.

Just remember: All praise Sony. Oh, great Sony.

It works every time. — T.W.

We spent about four and a half hours acting like idiots. Heather chased me through a virtual plethora of fairytale structures...knocking me out at the end.

K.B.

I ought to be in videos.

Well, maybe that's taking it a bit too far. Heather's here and we agreed to "star" in Sam and Tim's chase scene for their video production class.

We went to Storyland. It was fun. Actually, it was more funny than fun. We spent about four and a half hours acting like idiots. Heather chased me through a virtual plethora of fairytale structures, finally knocking me out at the end.

It was silent so we had to make the best of it with our wonderful facial expressions. Yikes! This will probably be one of those things that people dig up when you're famous and use for blackmail. Afterwards we all went to Daiquiri's — it was more than Miller Time. — K.B.

Tuesday the 7th

I went to a meeting tonight to see if I can get an acting internship with Southern Rep over the summer. This would be a great opportunity for me, even if I don't want to go into acting. The only problem is that they need people to start working by the middle of March. I don't see how I'll be able to devote enough time to this to make it worthwhile. They basically need people as dressers, props, and some assistants.

I think I can work box office for *Furthermo*, a jazz musical opening April 12th. However, I am on duty three nights that week. Oh, well, we'll see how it works out. — S.B.

Wednesday the 8th

Wednesday is production night for *The Maroon*. That means we put the whole paper together and get it to the printer before going to sleep.

But this week we're off for midterms, which is great. Everyone is getting tired and starting to bark at each other. That always happens, though — it's a symptom of fatigue.

Things should be back to normal next week, if we can manage to stay away from each other for a while this week. — T.W.

Thursday the 9th

WOW! Excitement! The "Bob

'atch" finally succeeds! 'e know for sure where ob Dylan lives in New rleans!!! Robert Bell, enee Pagano and I opped by what we ought was Bob ylan's house on the ay home from tutoring Sophie B. Wright iddle School. Four or ve guys were standing the driveway out front nd a touring bus was at e side of the house.

We decided to stop; ell, what could it hurt? enee had to pull Robert get him to come, but I st walked on, assumg they would follow. I alked up and said, Hey, guys, what's up?" nd Robert asked if that as their bus outside. Then it just went from ere. It turns out the and was Hothouse lowers, and they had st played at Tipitina's e previous night. obert asked them very atter-of-factly, "So, are you ys here visiting 'Bob'?"

Well, actually, they hadn't et Bob; they were recording album in Bob's studio. I ow I looked like the biggest oupie staring at the guitar ayer with my mouth wide en, but I couldn't help it. is was really the first band e ever met — WOW!

Now we know exactly where ob Dylan lives, so we can nue the "Bob Watch."

Last weekend was the Awaking retreat. It was a good exrience for me, and although thought I didn't need it; aprently I did. I was left emonally and physically drained r the rest of the week. — S.B.

Saturday the 11th

What gorgeous weather we e having. Seems more like May weather — sunny, breezy and warm. It was supposed to rain, but since it didn't, I'm at the park, enjoying every minute. — S.B.

Dawn Visceglia

Sunday the 12th

Today, my three weekend guests left. They are friends of my long-time friend Susie and therefore were more than welcome to stay at my house. I just wish that when they drop in they would call me to let me know they'll be here *before* they get into town, *before* they get wasted in the Quarter and *before* they forget the way to my house.

This is the crew that Susie brought down from Tuscaloosa about 4 months ago *for a drink*. They got here at 2:00 a.m. Monday morning and called me. We went out, had a few beers and they left at 4:00 a.m. All but one of them had 9:30 a.m. classes to get back to.

It was fun, but driving ten hours for a drink?

I actually had a hard time remembering exactly who they were; I only recognized them by face. But they certainly knew me: "That's Tim. He owns Tim's Hotel in New Orleans."

Over the course of the weekend I figured out two of the three names — Kathy and Michael. The third I know simply as the guy who wore the same red flannel shirt all weekend.

Ya gotta love it. — T.W.

I know I looked like the biggest groupie staring at the guitar player with my mouth wide open, but I couldn't help it. This was really the first band I've ever met — WOW!

S.B.

Monday the 13th

Libby Tisdell gave our second massage workshop this year. Last semester, we did a circulatory massage, but this semester, we decided to be very daring and learn the meditative massage. Karen Greene, the ninth floor R.A., and I combined floors again because it's so hard to get very many people together at one time. — S.B.

Thursday the 16th

A car, a car. My kingdom for a car.

I don't understand why my cute little 1985 Chevy Cavalier is sitting at home in my garage. Sitting. And Waiting. I think I hear its sad little horn

on quiet nights while I'm trying to go to sleep.

But no...I've got the streetcar!!! Yeah, mom, right. It takes all of 2 hours for it to finally arrive and then drops me off about four blocks down the line because the tracks are all torn up.

Actually, if I play my cards cunningly enough, maybe I could convince my mother that I have spots on my fingernails because of vitamin deficiencies. "You see I can't carry that many bags of groceries home from Winn-Dixie. And canned goods are out of the question. Being off the meal plan and all." I mean it really stinks when you have to depend on FRESHMEN for a ride. How degrading.

And the worst is going to A-T-2's in a cab. Maybe it wouldn't bother me so much if Jehosefat Dewey Samson (my car) was being used while I slave away at my studies. Sigh. I guess that's just another mystery of life. — K.B.

Wednesday the 22nd

We got a VCR today, plugged it in, and could get only one station — Channel 4, the Loyola-owned station. Maybe Loyola is telling me what I can and can't watch? — D.V.

Friday the 24th

I just got back from Ft. Pickens, Florida; Spring Break is pretty much over now. Amy, Beth, Scott and I camped on the beach for three days and had a great time.

Camping's main advantage is that it's CHEAP. You're sitting around with your friends right before a holiday saying, "What can we do that's cheap?"

"Hey, I've got an idea," somebody says. "Let's go camping."

But the last time I camped in Florida we had a terrible time. It poured down rain and the other campers were old and did not really like us being there.

So we left them to drown in the rain and stayed in a fleabag motel for three days — camping is cheap, remember, so we didn't bring much money.

I've been turned back on to camping, though. We had nothing but fun this week.

Tuesday the 28th

Answering machines make me so mad. Why won't anyone leave a message? Six hang ups today; I feel so loved. — D.V.

"Hello, this is Rep. David Duke. May I help you?"

april

Saturday the 1st

The Buddig Hall laundry room always has a way of ruining my day or night — depending upon when I do my wash. When I had no clean underwear, I had no choice but to round up some quarters and do laundry.

Helen decided to join me with her laundry. We threw the clothes into four washing machines, put in the quarters, and left.

Twenty-five minutes later we returned to the washers. I filled two dryers with my clothes. As Helen reached into her second washer, she felt the wet clothes inside. Once agai the spin cycle had refused t work.

I could tell she was angr but she said nothing as she b gan wringing out a sock. W didn't have the time nor th quarters, so we wrung out ou frustrations on the entire loa Buddig's fine laundry facilitie have a way of making the cho of laundry even wors especially on April Fool's Da — D.V.

April entries are based on earlier events.

Thursday the 6th

Well, this day started o pretty well. Last night I went t Bruno's for Ladies' Night. had fun because Laura, th eternal studier, finally wen out with us. So to make a lon story short, I was a little hun this morning and not ver excited to go to class. But I did And the class was cancelle There is a God. — K.B.

Friday the 7th

Bert and I went to Cuco' tonight, and it was so nice to b able to talk to him again. W walked home, both of us jus being goofy and playing a round.

I'm glad we were able t straighten things out to wher we could be friends without an hard feelings. — S.B.

Monday the 10th

Every time a big phone bil arrives, I promise myself that won't do it again. But this bil was different; it was about thir ty dollars. I was proud of my self, so I decided to celebrate and splurge.

I called my best friend in New York; okay, 30 minutes no problem. Next, Michelle in my hometown; suddenly 43 minutes were gone. And then Jaime in Florida. Oh no, the big 60. OUCH! Calling cards why are they so addictive? — D.V.

A day in the life of LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

Six photographers spent Nov. 8, 1988, wandering around the campus, snatching glimpses of the day, sticking them on little pieces of paper and pasting them down here.

Ah, Loyola! Michael Duplessis, an employee with WFF Management Services, begins the day more cheerfully than most students do. Photo by Michel Varisco.

9:50 A.M. Roy P. Laurent, above,explains the complications of the Loyola postal system to a confused — but interested — bystander. Saturdays, however, shall remain mail-free.
Photo by Mark Muckerman.

10:30 A.M. Pat Frazier, left, spends early Tuesday morning hidden in a well-lit corner of the library stacks, poring over his notes before class.
Photo by Rachel Scott.

11:20 A.M. An active member of a local fraternity, right, inspects two pledges on line before allowing them to go and eat. If they manage to follow orders and stay cool, maybe they'll go over. If they don't...well, let's just hope they do, for their own sake.
Photo by Rhodesia Jackson.

11:20 A.M.
Students, left, straggle into the Danna Center before lunch. The center is a focal point for many activities, like...uh, there's a schedule somewhere.
Photo by Muckerman.

2:45 P.M. Laura Dilorenzo, below, cuddles with a white mouse? rat? in the psychology lab. Only Laura knows for sure what the animal really is, but it's hoped that counseling and therapy will allow it to reenter society as a productive member of the rodent class. Photo by Josephe Tison.

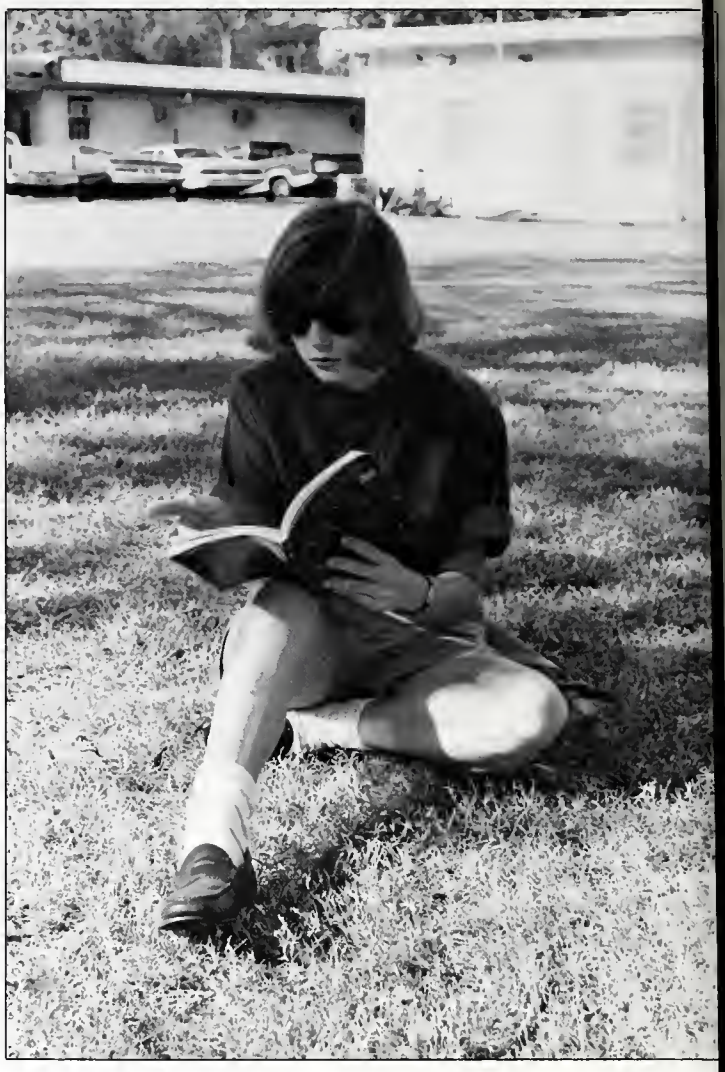
11:36 A.M. Sgt. Edward Hasselbeck, above, slips a ticket to someone who has just broken the first rule of parking at Loyola — if the space is open, it ain't for you.
Photo by Renee DeWitt.

11:19 A.M. Loyola Security director Alan Abadie smiles with glee at the prospect of catching another sucker parked in the wrong place, awaiting the dreaded Denver boot. Abadie has managed to keep the campus safe despite New Orleans' rising crime rate and budget cutbacks. Photo by DeWitt.

12:25 P.M. Joe Trahan, left, Biever hall resident assistant, takes some time to relax, reach out and grab a teddy bear. Note the luxurious surroundings Trahan basks in: the genuine chair, rug and bed. Add to this that Trahan has a private shower and bathroom, and it almost makes all the crises — drunken residents, people forgetting their keys, freshmen freaking out — bearable. Still, it takes the offer of a free room and board to ice the deal for most people.
Photo by Chad Kainz.

1:44 P.M. Students pound away at their Macintosh computers on the 3rd floor of the Communications/Music Complex. Mac clusters have sprouted in almost every building on campus, with no end in sight. Photo by Chris Walters.

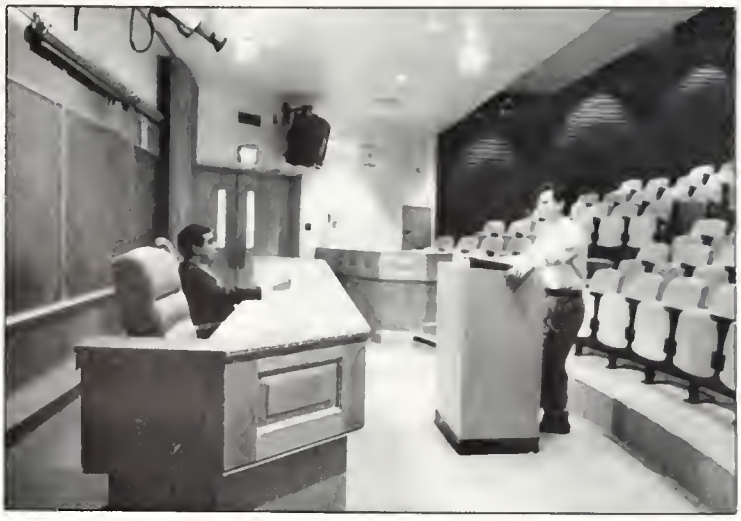
12:45 P.M. John Gros, left, struggles to hold his horn in one piece. (We avoided the clichéd" blowing hot air" metaphor.) Budget cuts forced the Music School to staple its brass section together. Photo by Dierdre Horgan.



2:25 P.M. Kristin Michler, above, relaxes in the quad between the Danna Center and Bobet hall with some light sociological read ing. The shades are hip, but please, no white socks with penny loafers. Photo by John Trieber.

2 P.M. Two maintenance men, right, complete a five-man job, beating the clock by months. Meanwhile, Ricardo Beavente tries to figure out how his belt got on the wrong side of his shirt. Photos by Stephen Ferrara, left, and Mike Netsky.

2 P.M. Kristin Fourroux gets to the heart of her service project.
Photo by Muckerman.



3:15 P.M. Several blocks away, in the Law School, students have a really small teacher-to-student ratio.
Photo by Bert Cass.

3:50 P.M. Leonard Lewis, left, serves as vice president of the Student Government Association.
Photo by Muckerman.

3:30 P.M. Billy Horney, right, works on a...well, it's kind of...a thingie, y'know. Just part of the Visual Arts Department's creative force.
Photo by Michael Savoy.

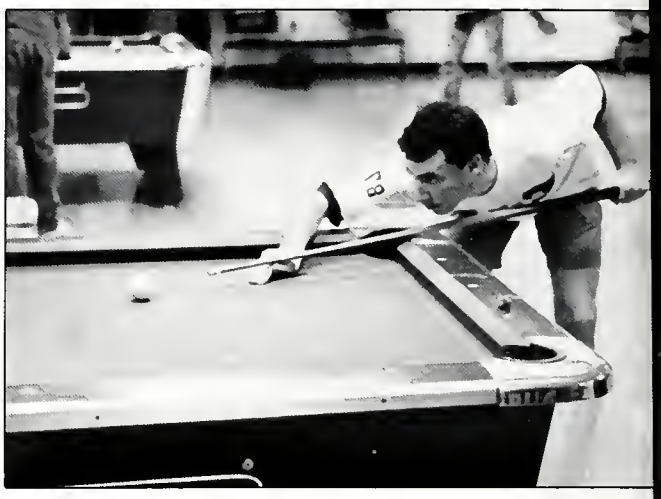
2:15 P.M. Francine Segal, left, talks to two students about acting — how to act in different ways and display different emotions. (Of course, anyone who's ever faked out a teacher knows the basics.) Segal and the drama department have put on several impressive performances lately, including *Talking With....*
Photo by Tison.

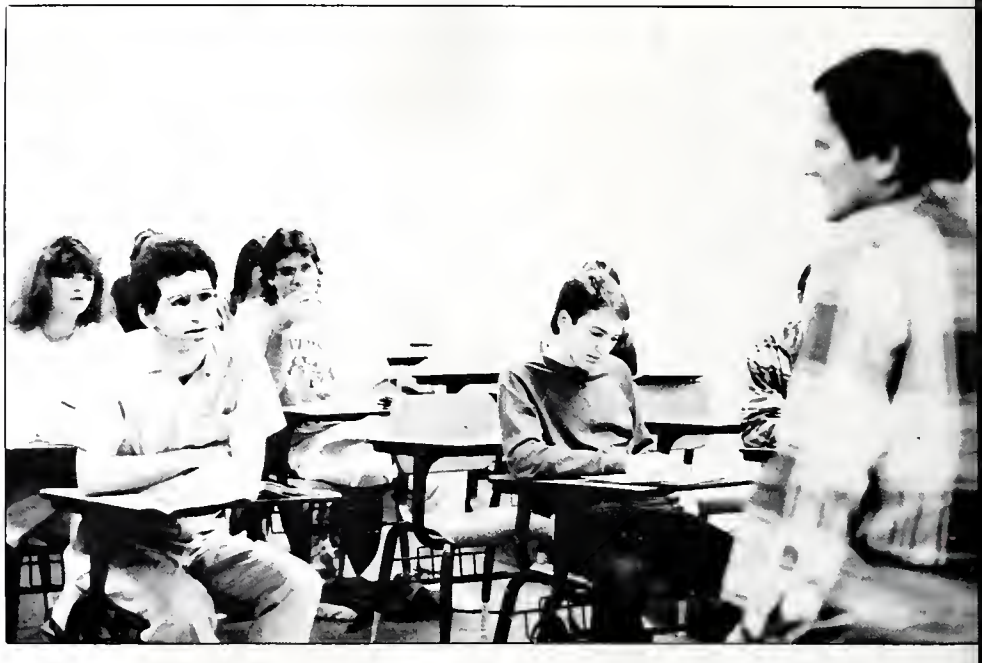
4:30 P.M. A sculpture of a brother of Alpha Phi Alpha harmonizes in the Danna Center lounge as part of the Loyola Faculty Exhibition. I addition to students, faculty also displayed pets, plants and children in their daily environments. The best exhibit was the almost too real "Classroom scene," whic included students sleeping, daydreaming and furiously cheating on examinations. Photo by Muckerman.

2:45 P.M. Annie glumly considers cooking for people who always complain and never wash their dishes. Photo by John Tripp.

3:03 P.M. Dr. William Hamm[illegible]ectures on the genius of [illegible]lberg and Lucas in Film 108. [illegible]to Classics. Photo by Walt[illegible]

4 P.M. Adam Mandel sets up another shot in his famous *Color of Money* imitation. Pool experienced a revival after Tom Cruise impressed all with his pool cue expertise. Photo by Treiber.



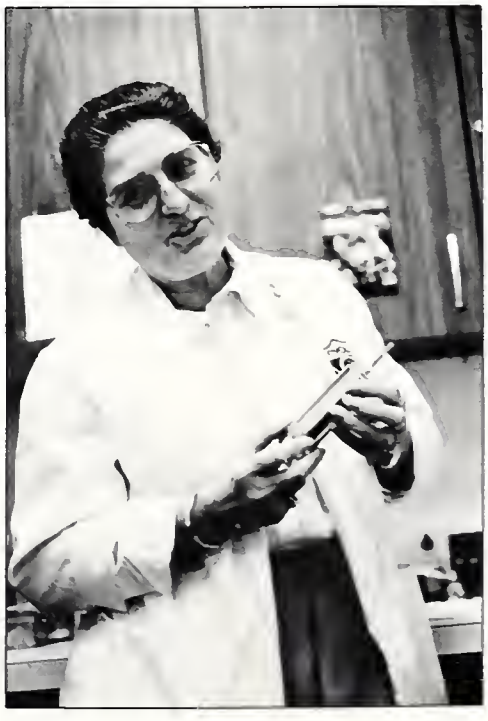


5 P.M. Randy Bosier, left, frantically calls security and jots down a description of the "mad parker." The criminal sneaks cars into the garage and parks them across the dividing lines, giving legitimate patrons a headache when they come to park their vehicles. As of yet, no one has discovered who the parker is or how he sneaks the cars in. "We just don't know who he is or how he sneaks his cars in," an anonymous source said.
Photo by Ferrara.

4:40 P.M. The Rev. James C. Carter, below, university president, stares in disbelief at the ballot for the national elections. Louisiana voters, in addition to voting for president,also had to pick a state motto. The choices were "Bondsman's Paradise," "Hell, *we* like it, so leave us alone," or "Don't Worry — Be Happy."
Photo by Michael Park.

7 P.M. Ron Grisoli, above, reads from a list of demands after student rebels took over WLDC-AM and began transmitting across the city. Until this day, the station had only been heard on campus. The insurgents gave up when the only response they received was a request for "Don't Worry — Be Happy" from Robb to Yvette.
Photo by Walters.

4:45 P.M. "It's just a little shot, you *wimp*," says Nurse Barbara Slifkin, below, as she bares a vicious looking instrument. Afterward, the student stares in shock at the blood streaming from a hole in his arm. As he stumbles out the door, the nurse smiles and says, "Don't Worry — Be Happy."
Photo by Joe Dare.



5 P.M. Chris Matthew and Katie O'Hara, left, struggle to work in the "tilted room" of the Visual Arts department. When asked why the department had such a room, one professor said, "Dunno. But the kids sure look funny." Photo by Savoy.

5:18 P.M. Pat Lagrange, right, jogs on the track at the Recreational Sports Complex. Many joggers moved inside after the tragic "Run with a Hurricane" promotion last fall. Photo by Ferrara.

5:30 P.M. An unidentified woman competes with a glass o water in the Loyola Tanning Open competition. The Loyola Union moved the contest to the fall because of the hole in the ozone layer — a union spokeswoman said they were afraid people might get skin cancer. When told the ozone hole was over the antarctic region, she said, "Well, that's just a couple of states away. I have a cousin who lives in Ann Arbor. How close is that?" The water won the event. Photo by Karen Tauches.

6:40 P.M. Jim Lane, right, reads the latest news, weather and trivia on Campus Vision, the omnipresent eye on campus which can receive as well as transmit. Many students complain that the monitors, used to view classes and check attendance, have brought an Orwellian nightmare to campus. Some presidential scholars, however, said they were glad they were there. "I doubt I would have had the foresight to remain in my m difficult classes had I not been requ to stay," one anonymous student said.
Photo by Muck man.

A day in the life of PRESIDENT CARTER

Well, maybe two days. The Rev. James C. Carter, S.J., our university president, spent Nov. 28, 29 and 30 (OK, three days) recording his encounters via automatic focus and 35mm lens.

Mornin', Father Father Carter takes a look at a satisfied member of the child care center as she favors him with a glance.

9 A.M., NOV. 28 Father Carter has an early meeting with Joan Gaulene, left, director of University Relations.

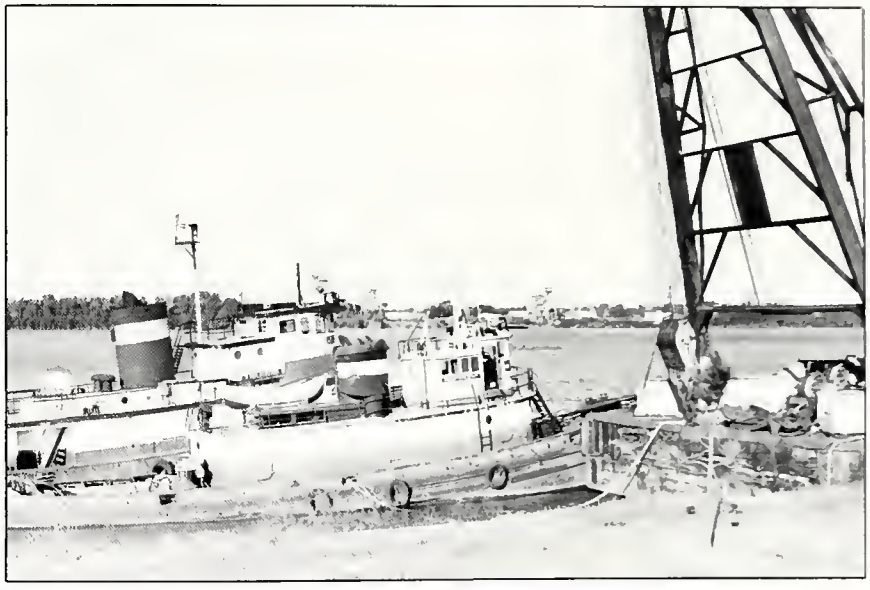
10 A.M., NOV. 29 Carter and Dr. Norman Roussell, right, vice president for administration, examine Roussell's computer.

6 P.M. NOV. 29 A folk group sings hymns at St. Pius as Carter says mass. Though a busy man, he also finds time to take an active role in the spiritual life of the Jesuit and Catholic communities.

6:30-7 P.M., NOV. 29 Carter attends a reception at the New Orleans Museum of Art. Carter also supports many other fine arts organizations, including the symphony. Loyola's dean of music, Dr. David Swanzy, took over as the symphony's interim executive director and Carter offered symphony musicians a tuition-free semester when it recently suspended operations.

Early A.M., NOV. 30 Carter does not remain chained to his desk. He manages to stay in shape by exercising and taking early morning bicycle rides. Here, he steers through Audubon Park and watches the ducks in the lake by the pond, as the morning mist still clings to the water's surface. Most students are still comatose at this point in the day.

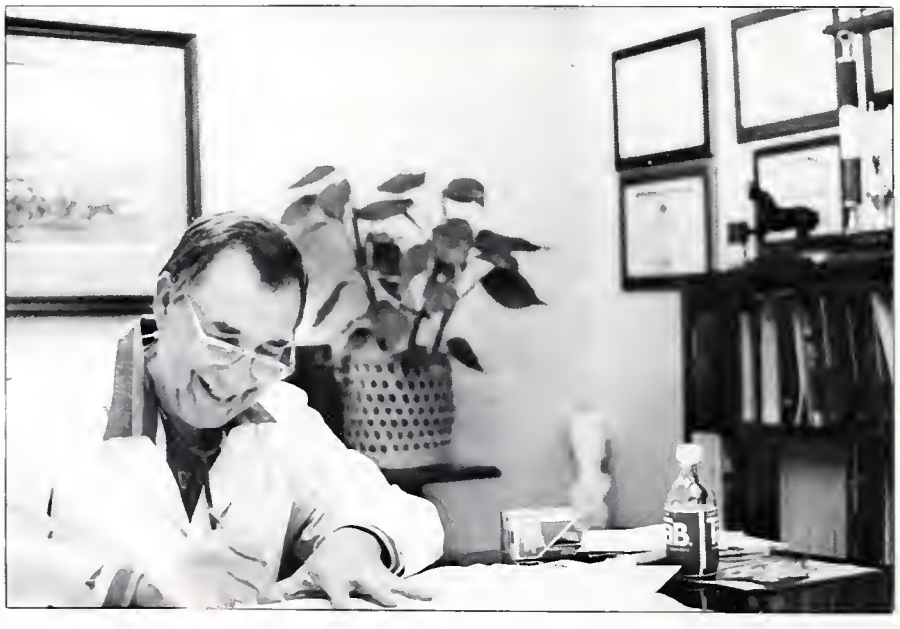
EARLY A.M., NOV. 30 Another scene from a bicycle jaunt. Here, Carter stops by a tugboat on the Mississippi River. It's moored next to a loading crane near the river levee running along River Road.



Early A.M., NOV. 30 Back in Audubon Park, down by the bicycling route, Carter catches a glimpse of the Holy Name tower above the trees, as he prepares to pedal home and start working through his schedule.

9-10 A.M. NOV. 30 John Eckholdt, vice president for business and finance, grins a Vince Knipfing, vice presider for student affairs, as Joan Gaulene and the Rev. George Lundy, S.J., senior vice president, listen during a meeting of the University Budget Committee's executiv committee. The UBC struggled with the difficult task of cutting $1 million from the budget after the fiscal year began, but they managed to pull through the crisis.

AFTERNOON, NOV. 30 Carter shares some time with the public at an informal gathering of LUFORUM, left. Earlier, he met with the Rev. Gerald Fagin, S.J., right, to discuss matters concerning the Jesuit community. Fagin was recently named Jesuit provincial over a 10 state area.



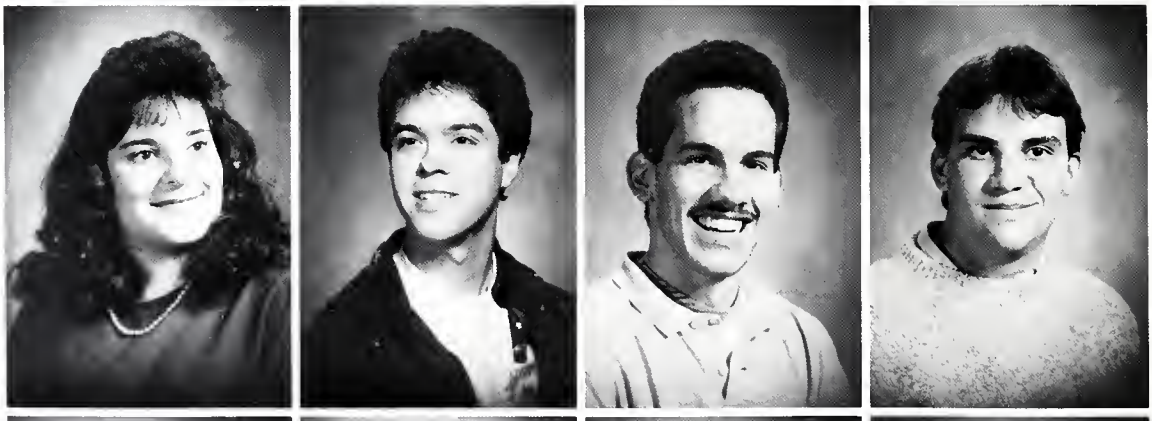
2:15 P.M., NOV. 30 Carter keeps an appointment with Dr. Price, his physician. Though Carter has been president of the university since 1974, he has managed to stay in remarkably fine health, as evidenced by Price's good humored smile.

The class of 1989

•Senior portraits

• One writer looks back and comments on the four-year history of the graduating class.

Jafri Jamal Abdul
Awiah Abu Bakar
Jorge A. Aguirre
Finn Hjalmar Ahlberg



Geralyn F. Albro
Carlos J. Alvarez
Jose W. Alvarez
Keith H. Amato

Mary Annette Anderson
Wanda Anderson
Amanda E. Anthony
Nicholas Argentiere

class history

The Sting

When Fr. Schroth initially approached me to write the class history, I told him that the job couldn't appeal to me less. But then I thought about it and reconsidered; the job could appeal to me less.

When I came to Loyola I was an angry, bitter young man. Now I'm much angrier, more bitter, a lot older and very smart.

So why are you reading my ritings under the title of class story? Well, I had a conversion xperience. I realized that this say would provide the perfect pportunity for me to get back at verybody and paint myself fanstic. I literally could write hisry. So, if you done me wrong, ou might not want to read on.

I'm not sure what activity I njoyed most during my years at oyola: Student Government Association president, Editor-in-chief for *The Maroon*, homecoming queen, president of the university.

No, I promise to write the truth — with a little bit of opinion. I don't want to mislead, only lead.

One more thing. This class history only covers the last four years — what would be the "class history" for the traditional student. I realize that Loyola has anything but traditional students.So if you're a graduate, and you feel that this class history doesn't adequately represent you, lump it. What do you care? You've graduated.

Well, enough about me. Let's have me talk about you.

The Arrival: Lag-nee-apee

At Darmouth University, freshman students arrive early to go on a camping trip with others in their section. It's a time for getting to know each other, bonding in the great outdoors of the crisp Northeast. At most universities this time of transition is called freshman orientation.

But in the hot, steamy Big Easy, freshmen visit Loyola the summer before classes, stick a spoon that has a long string down the shirt and pants of everyone, and it's called Lagniappe. Ask a senior what he remembers about Lagniappe and he'll say, "The spoon." It was a thoroughly silly time for most, although some never got enough. Robb Kenney, columnist for *The Maroon,* called the guides for the tame time, otherwise known as Liaisons, "a bunch of well-scrubbed, syrup-spouting toadies wearing matching green shirts." He criticized the entire program, saying it sends to incoming freshman "an effective warning shot. Sort of like when those strange voices scream, 'Get out! Get out of the house!' in the *The Amityville Horror*." And Kenney's probably right, but we're the ones who could stand or

Amir Ariffin
Marcos V. Arteaga
Sandy E. Aubert
Mark A. Baker

Zuhaira Fakhri Barghothy
Dymphna Theresa Barnum
Lucas P. Barrios
Martha M. Bascuas

loved the string and other coddling. (Well, at least the rest of you. I never went.) This summer there won't be any more Liaisons. The program has been overhauled (we'll see), and the "toadies" are getting the new title, summer orientation leaders. Hmm.

The More Things Change, the More They Don't

Loyola is changing (you're always safe with a statement like that), but if one were to compare our first year at Loyola with our last year, one would find a great number of parallels. Well, one did.

Basil and Holstein, cool cats on campus. Basil, an orange feline, lived on the porch of the Danna Center for almost a full year, surviving on the kindness of strangers. It was only an acute ear infection that led her to move in with Lydia Dorosh. Now, in this last year, Holstein, who bears black and white spots like a Holstein cow is apparently living in front of Buddig Hall, sleeping on the side of the building by the shuttle stop and wandering to the front door of the building when she cares to be petted. Although participants in a name contest overwhelmingly favored the bossy tag, "I call her Kitty Cat because I hate that name," Claudia Roche, communications senior, said. "Cows are slow moving and dumb." At first, she was thought to be pregnant. Time and no litter of little Holsteins caused many to wonder if the provider of the cat's plumpness wasn't simply human affection. By the time this essay w completed, neither opinion h been proven conclusively.

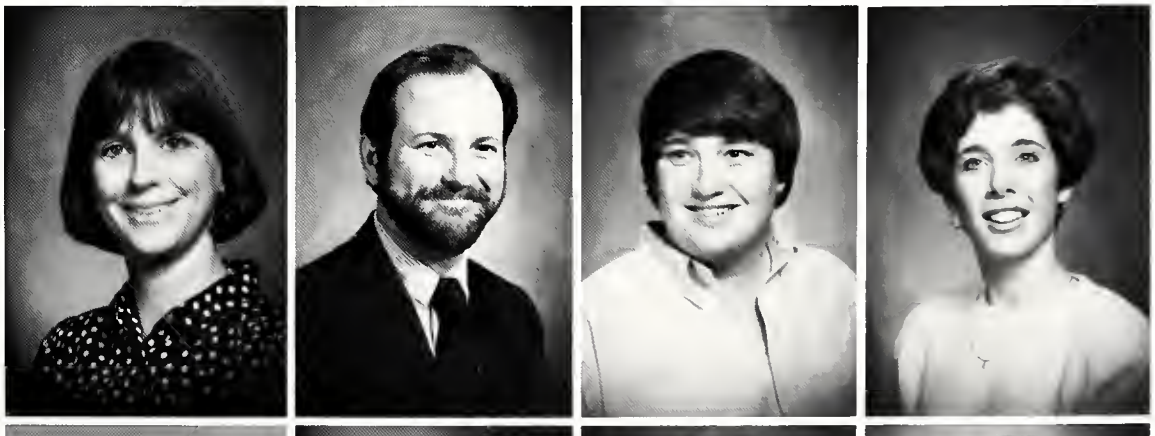
When I came to Loyola, I was an angry, bitter young man. Now I'm much angrier, more bitter, a lot older and very smart.

Our first Labor Day weeke at Loyola was bright, sunny a an extra day long. It began ea with hurricane parties wh Friday classes were cancelled Hurricane Elena approache She decided to visit near Flori first, however. It wasn't un early Monday morning that t hurricane brought its worst big deal — and by the afterno the threat was over.

We made it through our la year without another hurrican until Florence did a minor dan of destruction. And then, ca the hurricanes of hurricanes, a overgrown tropical depressi whose force was as mighty as i name was wimpy Gilbert.CLASS FIVE. TH LARGEST EVER RECORDE HURRICANE. IT STORME THROUGH THE YUCATA PENINSULA, HOMING ON I but it petered down and event

Nicole Baute
Tyrone W. Beasley
John M. Beaulieu
Christopher Beaver

Michelle L. Behrens
Karim A. Benitez
Amy McCullough Biddlecom
Ralph L. Biddy



Frances L. Blair
Christian Bonds
Miles A. Brandon
Susan M. Brooks

Robert J. Broussard
Lisa Ann Brunner
Carolyn T. Bulte
Jerry R. Calcagno

Gwendolyn Campbell
Sherry Lynne Canepa
Lisa Marie Castaldi
Christopher T. Castro

Maria Cea
Iris S. Chacon
Ann-Marie Teresa Cheramie
Shelly Elizabeth Chiappetta

Elizabeth Anne Cigali
Jose Luis Colon
Raylyn A. Comeaux
K.C. Mark Conrey

ally missed us. So we've made it all four years without a major hurricane, and those from non-hurricane lands will go back and tell everybody, "Hurricanes are no big deal."

"Loyola lost $1 million in state funding during the 1985 legislative session, an unexpected cut which has forced every division within the university to tighten its budget," read the front page story for the August 23, 1985, issue of the *The Maroon*.

Four years later, "Declining endowment revenues will force Loyola to shave $1 million from its current budget," read the front page story for the October 1, 1988, issue of *The Maroon*. "Each vice president has been asked to share the burden of the reduction," Dr. Norman Roussell, vice president for administration, wrote in a memo to the university community.

That's not to say that the recent drop in revenues that resulted in a 15 percent tuition increase should have been unexpected.

In spring of 1985, the Rev. Thomas Clancy, S.J., vice president of Communications, said WWL-TV had "peaked out" and pointed out that more funding is needed as Loyola moves from a small, local school to an impor tant national university, "both from endowment sources and in the form of tuition increases when necessary." Tuition rose 12 percent.

In spring of 1987, the Rev James C.Carter, S.J., university president, said "WWL endowment has not been as great as expected." Roussell explained "Tuition is having to play a bigger role in university expenditures." Tuition rose 12.5 percent.

In spring of 1988, Roussell said WWL endowments had not increased at the expected rate in recent years because of the de

Judith Coode
Dotty Couste
Beryl Mignon Crumpton
Lori A. Cupero

Owen Curry
Frank R. deVay
Lori A. Doran
Chris Doyle

Gerald J. Duhon Jr.
Laurie Duplessis
Mark Dvorak
Mary Megan Dwyer

ressed local economy. Tuition se 10 percent.

It might be interesting to recall at our freshman year the university decided to sell KATC-TV Lafayette. "The bottom line is at it was a good investment, it Loyola needs not just good vestments but excellent investments," Clancy said.

During our time at Loyola, we aw the space shuttle Challenger explode and along with it ir faith in the infallibilty and ecessity of the program. In our fetime, but not in our life's emory had there been a disaster with our spaceships.

Frank Dadabo had watched the news that afternoon with the repetitive clips of the disaster. His father was working for an

So we've made it all four years without a major hurricane, and those from non-hurricane lands will go back and tell everybody, "Hurricanes are no big deal."

engineering firm in the Cape Canaveral area and had watched the launch in a field with other engineers and scientists. "He said that no one said anything after the explosion, they just stared. And then a few minutes later, everyone sighed." Dadabo found it curious that his father told him nobody would speculate as to the cause of the disaster. "They hadn't worried about this before it had happened, yet at the same time they knew that anything could have gone wrong."

Four years later, we gathered around televisions with apprehension and watched the Phoenix rise again.

Mike Moser, finance sophomore, skipped class to watch the lift off of Discovery. "About 70

Linda A. Erdman
Patricia Anne Eschbacher
Zoe Esteves
Juditha Finlandia

Harriett S. Flannery
Robert Joseph Flauss
Kathleen M. Foley
James W. Fourcade

seconds into it I started to get nervous," he said, referring to the point where the Challenger had exploded. "But once they dropped off the boosters, I knew it was going to be O.K."

Our freshman year, we were horrified by the tragic death of a senior, and our senior year we were horrified by the tragic death of a freshman.

Eric Rodehurst, history senior, was dressing for his job as a part-time security guard when his roommate, John Fagan, a Tulane student, picked up the gun and played with it, pointing it at Rodehurst's right temple. It discharged. Another roommate, Andrew Mueller, unloaded the gun, placed the bullets on the table and called the police. He went downstairs to let them in when they arrived. Walking upstairs, they heard a clicking sound. rushed to the door, but Fagan d already pulled the trigger.

Four years er, tragedy came to campus. Marc Waidner, a freshman from Georgia, died in the kitchen of Biever Hall when a vending machine fell on him, cutting off his air. "The tragic death of Marc truly came as the Bible says, 'a thief in the night.' For the privileged few who knew this quiet achiever, they also felt that this thief had unfairly robbed, not only Marc of his life, but those who knew him of his friendship and love," said Sean Knight, Marc's roommate and good friend.

So unattractive are the tasks of the SGA that no one from the class of '89 ever aspired to the position that is greedily sought after at other universities: SGA president.

...is the Government That Governs Best

The best and the worst that can be said about our Student Gov ernment Associations is tha they tried to accurately repre sent student opinion at Loyola They would get excited about a issue but would hesitate to act o pass judgment until they took referendum, a survey or co lected a petition and found ou "how the students felt." Inevita bly, they fell victim to our apath and ignorance.Why did the think we cared about anything

Less than 25 percent of the stu dent body traditionally voted i any student elections. Refer endums, surveys and petition were lucky to get the opinion of percent. One reporter who cov ered SGA sessions religiousl said, "They were like a bunch o little kids playing governmen for a day, and when they get sic of playing, they would just throv down their toys and not pla anymore." But, she added, "The had good intentions." Now that' quintessential Loyola. The ma jority of their time was spen

ping the uninspiring, thankss job of allocating funds to arious ungrateful student oranizations. So unattractive re the tasks of the SGA that no ne from the class of '89 ever spired to the position that is reedily sought after at other niversities: SGA president. The 988 race featured an ambitious phomore and an innocent reshman.

In the end, the SGA can be emembered for bringing us the ecreational Sports Complex, though the final decision was aken away from the students. It as also the SGA that led the drive for intercollegiate athletics, although the drive was brief and now forgotten. At its laughable lowpoints the 1986 SGA censured *The Maroon* claiming that it "allowed stories to be printed that were inaccurate, erroneous, or false." "It really got to me," Chip Jaubert, then City College delegation president, said. Michelle Barrere continually promised an unspecified "greek lodge" that fortunately never appeared, while her congress spent much of their time considering pencil sharpeners for all classrooms.

What was the point?

Future a Building

Most of you (this is written condescendingly) probably didn't know that Loyola University — actually the entire Uptown area — was included in the National Register of Historic places in 1985. Obviously, that didn't mean there wasn't going to be change at Loyola because the face of the campus has changed considerably over the last four years. The degree of change, in fact, is lost on the newcomer.

For example, when we look at the activities quad, we see green space, but when the classes before us look at the activities

Nancy St. Mard Fowler
Laura J. Frick
Karen A. Fritz
Sondi Galanti

John Gerrets
Azmi Bin Ghazali
Raymond Lee Hoe Goh
Dennis Paul Gonzales

Ginalee Ann Gonzales
Ronald David Gonzales
Thomas J. Grace
Sarah Graham

quad, they remember three white temporary buildings.

As the class of 1989 was beginnning its freshman year, Loyola was stretching to the Broadway campus. While Cabra Hall had opened for guests in 1984, the Institute of Human Relations, drama department and visual arts department had barely unpacked at the new campus when classes were starting in 1985. That December, freshman business majors moved from Stallings Hall to Miller Hall when the law school also moved to Broadway.

Much of the class of 1989 was attracted to Loyola because of its big, new Communications/Music Complex. And after three months at Loyola, they joined the majority of students in voting for the construction of another big, new building: the Parking/Recreational Sports Complex. The referendum, which asked for a $200-a-year tuition increase and would remain in effect for 25 years, passed by the narrow margin of 825 to 718. Much of the campus, however, was angered by the fact that the SGA had spent more than $1,500 in student fees promoting the project, asking students to vote, "Yes." About students formed a group call Students for Sane Spending a asked for a recall.The Court Review, having no precede decided the SGA had conducte one-sided, pro-referendum ca paign that may have impropel affected the outcome and fou the referendum invalid.

However, the Student Affa Committee, led by the vice pre dent for Student Affairs, Vince P. Knipfing, said the refere dum was valid, and the Board Trustees gave approval to t new complex.

"I have no reservations

Karen E. Greene
Yolanda Yvette Grinstead
John Michael Gros
Aina Habib

Mary Rose Hajash
Yoko Hanasaki
Michelle Jaune Harris
Sheila M. Hattarki

Melissa Herman
Jessica Hew
Kimberly Darlene Holden
Laurie Hook

qualms," then SGA president, Byron Arthur, said.

Exploration into the possibility of a new library was recently cut short by the current fiscal crisis at the university, but look forward to your future as an alumnus when the first you'll see of the new library will be an architect's drawing, accompanied by a card asking for a donation.

Changing Inside

To a member of the class of 1989, the hamburger emporium on campus is known as "Hardees, no, H.B. Quick's, I mean, Beau Coups." The first name change was necessitated during the summer of '87 when Pilot Food Services — loved for allowing second helpings of entrées, not loved for the entrées — declared bankruptcy and left Loyola with $138,000 in student payments. Hardee's Hamburgers decided to pull out because of disagreements with Pilot over unpaid invoices and a corporate decision to withdraw from Southeastern universities. Marriott moved in, taking over all food service operations (including the Wolf Pub one year later), and the name changed to H.B.Quick's. Then, during the summer of '88, because of what can only be described as marketing genius, Marriot decided "Beau Coups" sounded better. Beau Coups. I love to say those words, very musical, how intelligent.

During the summer of '88, because of what can only be described as marketing genius, Mariott decided "Beau Coups" sounded better.

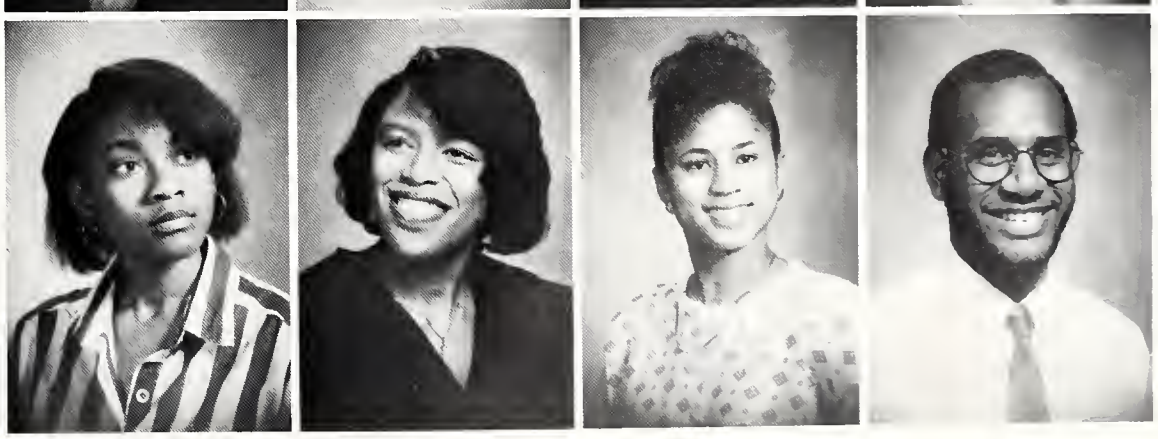
Byteing the Apple: Big Mac Attack

The hamburger emporium's name change wasn't the only internal change. On the other side of the wall in the Danna Center, gray carpet was laid down, and the walls were painted green. But more importantly, a Kinko's and Loyola's Microcomputer Center were added.

We are the first class that Dr. William W. Eidson, dean of Arts and Sciences, has seen pass from beginning to end. When he was the physics chairman at Drexel University, he served on a committee that decided all students would be required to own an Apple Macintosh. When he arrived here, his ideas of how to improve Loyola were vague: better teaching programs, involve teachers and students in research projects, attract more students through more interesting courses and expand the use of computers in teaching. What he meant by the last idea has become very clear.

In October 1985 the Standing

Elizabeth Marie Horil
Lesley Hutchinson
Amanda Hymel
Faizah Ibrahim



Rhodesia O. Jackson
Dawn Jagers
Nyla Ramise Jolly
Frank W. Jones

Tanya Maria Jones
Kim Estelle Joseph
Ann-Marie A. Kane
Renee F. Kane

Craig E. Kelly
Haspahlela Kilau
Carol L. Kimme
Helena Koo

Committee on Academic Planning issued a report recommending the implementation for next fall of a program called Writing Across the Curriculum, a university-wide program designed to improve students' writing skills. Also that year, the Institutional Self-Study was published, outlining a five-year plan for growth in academic computing. That April, Loyola considered a plan with Apple Computer Inc. and Tulane that would allow it to purchase Macintosh computers at a large discount.The next fall, Macintosh/Apple computer systems were distributed to various academic departments for faculty and student use. Plans were made for the implementation of computers as part of Writing Across the Curriculum.

In the spring of 1988 the university used half of a $150,000 equipment grant from the local Schlieter Foundation to carry out those plans in Bobet Hall. That March, Carter, Nickles, the Rev. George F. Lundy, senior vice president, Dr. Norman Roussell, vice president for administration, and Dr. John E. Cave Jr., dean of business administration, flew to California to discuss Loyola's computing goals with Apple executives. In the fall of 1988, money from the grant was used to expand the computer equipped Writing Across the Curriculum program to the Communications/Music Complex.

A month later, fraternities reported an inordinately small number of pledges. "I believe this was due to the bad press on fraternities," Dan Allen said.

This past summer, the Rev. James C. Carter, S.J., university president, sent a letter to every student and parent, discussing the future of computing at Loyola. The mailout also included brochures from Apple and a letter with sales discount information on Apple computers. Carter said in his letter that the university is considering making ownership of a computer a requirement for Loyola students. Apple Computers has given Loyola "equipment grants" totaling $250,000, funding for the new Business Solution Center and a commitment to a very focused project to assist faculty members in developing instructional computer materials that students can use in their courses. In return, Loyola has promised to promote sales on campus. Well, you knew what Loyola was like before Macintosh.

Kill the Messenger

The freshmen class in 1985 had barely settled in when members and little sisters of PKT fraternity, banned the year before, invited the innocent freshman to

Rita J. Kuhnell
Christopher LaBauve
John Paul Lancaster
Jim Lane

David W. Legendre
Kimberly Ann Leming
Faith A. Lieteau
Lisa Ann Livaudais

a party on Cromwell Street . Seven reports were allegedly filed in the Office of Student Affairs after the party. Two freshmen were involved in a fight outside of the party, and an intoxicated freshman had to be helped back to the residence halls where garbage cans were emptied in one of the halls and a student was caught wearing a PKT jersey. The events occurred only three weeks after Knipfing received a letter from the president of PKT, informing Student Affairs that the group would never again conduct formal activity on campus.

A few days later, a Biever resident assistant was assaulted and almost kidnapped by former PKT president Matt Niemann and Bruce Trotter. The resident assistant had received two phone calls by callers attempting to lure him out of his room by pretending to be residents on his floor in need of help. Minutes later, he heard a knock at his door and, seeing no one, he unlocked the door and went out into the hall. There he was attacked by Neimann and Trotter who tried unsuccessfully to slip a pillowcase over his head. He yelled the phone number for Campus Security to a guest staying in his room and was struck in the back of the head as the pair fled. The night before, the R.A. had placed two students on report who were wearing PKT caps.

One week later, reports of harassment and fighting at the Beggars fraternity rush party, Bahama Mama, prompted the office of Student Affairs to request a written investigation from Beggars.

A month later, fraternities reported an inordinately small number of pledges."I believe this was due to the bad press on fraternities," Dan Allen, then president of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity, said.

That spring Beggar member John Deveney sported a swollen, scaby face that he said was caused by two members of Alpha Delta Gamma fraternity. Deveney said he threw two eggs at the ADG house, when members came out of the house and all of those involved in the egging ran away. Deveney, however, was tackled by ADG member Tim Prosser. Deveney said that Prosser and a friend pulled him between two buildings and repeatedly hit him. Deveney said he suffered a concussion, nerve damage in the face and eye (28 stitches close to his left eye) and severe abrasion and infection of the knee.

"Somehow I think one egg is not equivalent to permanent facial nerve damage," Deveney said.

Prosser said he only hit Deveney once in self-defense and was himself struck by Deveney and another Beggar in unprovoked attacks. Prosser added that Deveney bit him on the arm several times, breaking the skin.

The university investigated. Dr. Joseph Kavanaugh, assistant vice president for Student Affairs, would not comment except to say a hearing was held and a decision reached.

"We don't think either fraternity should be held responsible for the actions of a few individuals," then Beggars president Tim Babin, said.

Two months later, four PKT students filed lawsuits against the university for more than $2 million. They were suspended for a semester for wearing PKT jerseys in violation of university policy. All of the suits were eventually thrown out or dropped during an almost a year-long legal battle.

Two months after the conclusion of the PKT drama, the lead story in *The Maroon* put the Beggars on the spotlight again: "The Beggars fraternity, caught seven years ago with a racist constitution, continues to harass, mock and exclude black students." The paper said its sources included four former Beggars pledges who agreed to be interviewed anonymously. Each former pledge said his reason for leaving Beggars largely was caused by the racist attitudes and incidents witnesse while belonging to the fraternity

"We refuse to respond to thes ridiculous allegations," Steve Roppolo, director of universit relations for the fraternity, said The Rev. James C. Carter, S.J. university president and Vin cent P. Knipfing, vice presiden for Student Affairs, met with th Beggars, investigated, and sai they have been unable to fin any evidence to substantiate th allegations.

In the same issue, a story re ported that the Student Affair Committee of the Board of Trus tees had ordered Loyola's frater

Angelita Patricia Lluch
Xiaohong Lz
Iris J. Madere
Francis Elias Mahfood

Daniel James Mailliard
Mastura Mansor
Humberto Marchand
Juana E. Marine

Candy S. McBride
Shawn H. McKee
Kelly P. McNeil
Mary Ellen Menge

nities and sororities to present affirmative action proposals.

As we leave Loyola, PKT still lingers, with students suspended now and then for wearing their jerseys on campus. And Beggars fraternity remains the only traditionally white fraternity yet to integrate.

Many people think that the press on campus has an anti-greek bias. Let me just say personally that I think fraternities and sororities on campus are great. Without them, writing news wouldn't have been half as much fun as it was.(And they say there's never anything positive written about them.)

War?

The events of April 14, 1986, brought mixed reactions around campus. The United States bombed Libya. Chuck Lee, communications senior, remembers there were people cheering on his floor in Biever Hall. He crowded into a room with about 15 other students and watched the military video of some of the bombing. Lee, like many others, thought the attack would inevitably bring war. And Lee, like many others, had just registered with Selective Service. The football reaction of people around him worried Lee. "You could see the faces of the guys who were ROTC, and they better understood the gravity of the situation," he said.

I think fraternities on campus are great. Without them, writing news wouldn't have been half as much fun as it was. (And they say there's never anything positive written about them.)

Wolf Pack pack

The class of 1989 saw the

Kathleen Mary Mirlenbrink
Scott B. Monett
Gina M. Monette
Valerie D. Moon

Kathryn B. Morgan
Richard Adair Morgan
Michele M. Morvant
Paula Yvette Moses

Halimatus Mustafa
Mark H. Myers
Samantha A. Newton
Jerome Steven Norman

Bonnie Anne Norton
Michelle L. Orlin
Elizabeth A. Owens
Ignacio O. Pendas

Sabrina M. Perrault
Colin Quigley Potts
Cynthia A. Pramann
Carl S. Prince

Maria Princi
Paolo F. Profumo
Fernando Quevedo
Loreen Patrice Reppel

Loyola Wolfpack basketball team take to the hardwood floor for the first time in 14 years, seven months and 27 days. The November 1986 game against Tulane drew an estimated 1,500 fans to the Tulane fieldhouse. They cheered the Pack over the Wave by a score of 69 to 61. At least two thirds of the fans were from Loyola, many with maroon and gold shakers in their hands.Also adding to the event was the appearance of Loyola cheerleaders and a dance team.

The event drew the eye of the city through the sponsorship of Dixie Beer and the work of many. A pep rally was held in the French Quarter prior to the game. The events escalated school pride and had many thinking big-time intercollegiate sports would soon follow, especially when the team won Championship Tournament.But the meteoric rise experienced an almost equal decline. Tulane left the league and attendance has steadied at about 100 to 150 fans.

However, the enthusiasm of the players themselves has not fallen off and tryouts still draw 30 to 40 players for 15 slots. The team's schedule includes teams like SUNO, Xavier, Dillard."The commitment from the university continues," Coach Robbie Reed said."The focus hasn't changed we still realize academics is the number one priority."

Examine Your Potential

The Parking/Recreational Sports Complex wasn't the only physical change to the university that brought bad feelings and bitterness. In the 70's and 80's studies were done to look at the feasibility of a child-care center. A survey taken in 1984 showed that 75 percent of the respondents saw a need for a child care center and a potential atten-

ance of 84 to 123 children. Two ears later, that potential would splace the newly formed Po-ntial program housed at Fields all.

The Potential program was arted in the spring of 1987 as n academic aid for freshmen. he idea was to create a resi-ence hall of about 30 academi-lly outstanding upperclass-en who would serve as tutors, ademic counselors and peer pport for freshmen. Fields all was chosen to house the ogram. The location gave the ogram an identifiable struc-re and the program worked. pproximately 75 students were elped during its second year, e majority of whom came back ore than once. But while the ogram grew, the university egan considering Fields Hall as e location for a day-care fa-lility and announced its inten-ons February of '88.

Fields residents weren't in-rmed of the university's deci-sion until they were told they would have to move the following semester. They asked for a place to house the program and were told that the 12th floor of Buddig was a possibility. Potential members met with resident representatives from Buddig, gained their approval and submitted a proposal to Student Affairs. Approval wasn't given until the last day before exams. The members, bitter because of the university's slow action that left their program and their housing arrangements undecided, withdrew their proposal. Now Fields Hall is the home of a rabbit named Bugzy, tricycles and children. The center has almost reached its capacity, underscoring the dire need for the program. And the 12th floor of Buddig is the home of the Potential program. None of the original members remain, however, and the program has sparked little interest.

The big name that spoke for the longest—one week—and had the most to say came during the fall of our third year: The Vietnam Memorial Wall.

Speak

Loyola has hosted some big names during our four years.

Possibly the biggest (or at least the widest) was Larry — the human spud — Bud Melman. Melman, of Late Night With David Letterman fame, sweated in front of a packed audience in the Wolf Pub during the spring of '86. Students shoved fists in their mouths and tore apart beer cans with their teeth to win the "Stupid Human Tricks" competition.

The following week, Dr. Robert Bellah spoke about his "new book," *Habits of the Heart*. The University of California at

Joel Thomas Ridenour
Glenda L. Rivera
Claudia M. Roche
Gustavo A. Rodriguez

Melissa J. Rodriguez
Nellis Theresa Rodriguez
Julie A. Roe
Laurie Romaine

Mariaton Rosman
Jeanne D. Ross
Kevin Rouchel
Janet M. Ruli

Christine Santoni
Glenn M. Scheuermann
Curtis F. Scott
Arthur J. Short III

Berkeley sociologist spoke about the American paradox of individualism and public commitment.

The big name that spoke for the longest — one week — and had the most to say came during the fall of our third year: The Vietnam Memorial Wall.

The pope didn't come to Loyola, but it's O.K. to include him anyway: He's the pope. John Paul II also came during the fall of '87. It cost over $2 million. A lot of people came. He pope-mobiled around New Orleans, including inside the Superdome for a youth rally where he received a Mardi Gras mask.

A little over a month later, students hooted and howled at the Great Pornography Debate where Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw*, faced off with Page Mellish of the National Association for Women. Some students snatched up the free copies of *Screw* magazine, but most found themselves unable to side with either of the two poles.

During our last year, Dr. Martin Duberman didn't speak. The law school nixed former president Richard — Dick — Nixon (I've been dying to write that) the same week that former Secretary of the Interior James Watt spoke on campus about "Election '88." Believe it or not, Watt was filling in for Abbie Hoffman who was having contract problems with his agency.

Epilogue

I've said enough. Goodbye and good luck.

Christopher Paul Doyle

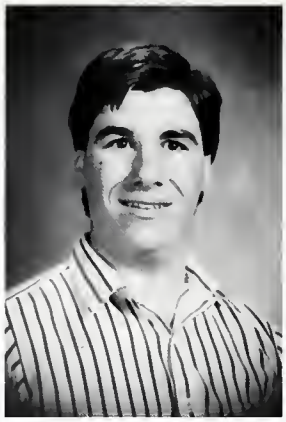
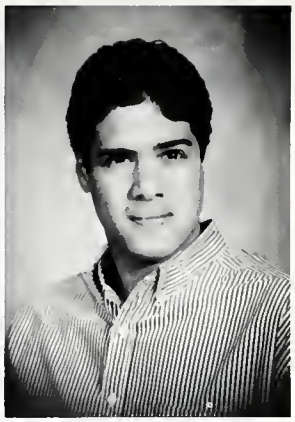
LOYOLA UNIVERSITY THE WOLF 1988-89

Denise C. Smith
Julie P. Smith
Tia Marie Smith
Diana Soland

Cheryl L. Squire
Cherie Elise St. Amant
Keriane Marie Stiegler
Jeanne Straub

Ahmad Zaidi Sulaiman
Guerrero A. Tablan
Mohd Amin Tamat
Daphne A. Tauzin

Ricardo Thomas
Jean E. Travers
Darleen Trueblood
Joseph Coleman Tullos

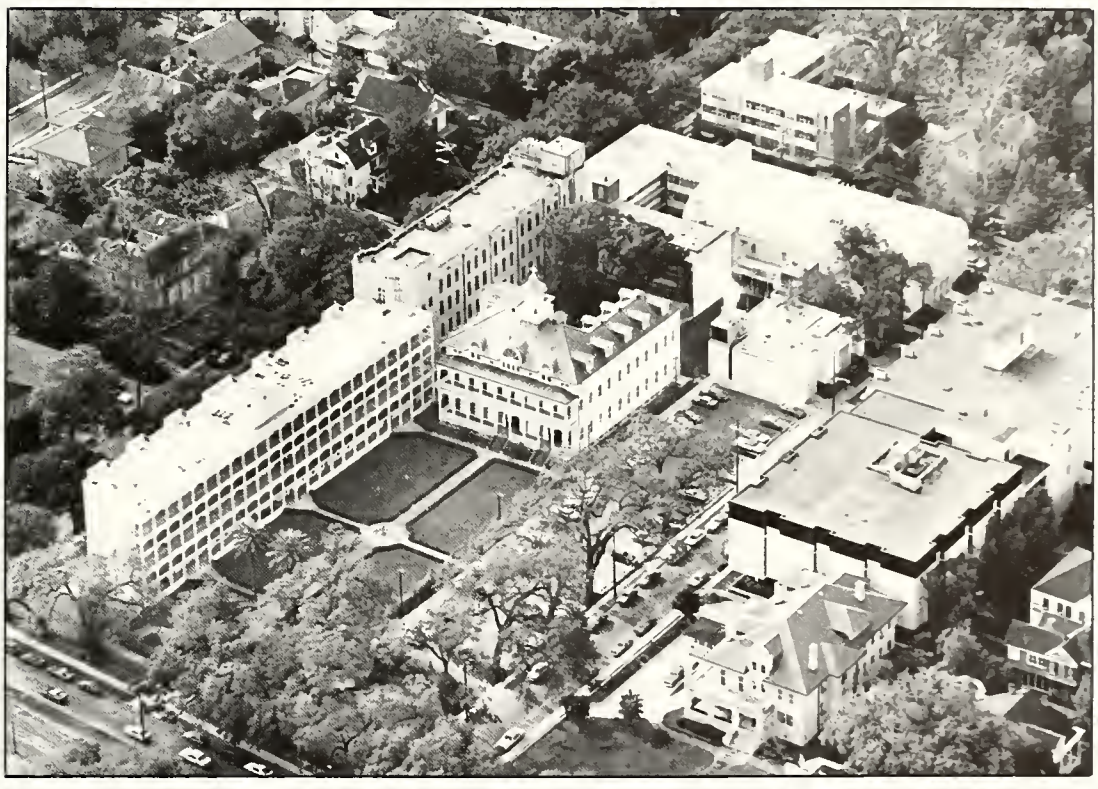



Elizabeth Blanche Ullo
Julia B. van der Lugt
Harold Joseph Vega
Francisco Vicente

Chris Vincent
Peter Vizzi
Madonna J. Vodanovich
Judy S. Vogel

Walter A. Volpati
Christine E. Walters
Elsa M. Ward
Timothy P. Watson

Debra E. Wheetley
Terry L. Willhoft
Valrie A. Wilson
Oliver P. Yandle

Serena Fern Yee
Melissa F. Young
Luba H. Zygarewicz

BROADWAY CAMPUS